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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE article on Scientific Agriculture will not be passed over by any man who has paid attention to the subject; and those who have not done so had better begin now. Connected with the rapid increase of the human race in these times of peace and security, it seems to point forward to an age essentially different from the past. The wonders of machinery have greatly lessened the labor necessary for man in the matter of clothing, and perhaps we may soon reach a period when the essential articles of food may be brought fully within reach of the poor.

It is a doctrine of Malthus, received as an axiom by many political economists, that while the increase of men is in geometrical proportion, their food will increase only in an arithmetical proportion. This is *taken for granted*, and is the foundation of many elaborate speculations. We have always denied it, and used to say that improvements might be made by which the *air* could produce food. We little thought, however, that the lightning could be made into manure.

We conclude the notice of the first volume of the Exploring Expedition. Let every person who may read the work, do it with the map before him, if he wishes to preserve any of the knowledge contained in it.

The proposition to reduce all the English poor to a state of slavery, as a means of improving their condition, is a very bitter satire upon the state of society there, which really needs a great portion of the available philanthropy of the good people, who, with more zeal than discretion, overlook what is in their immediate neighborhood, to redress *inferior* evils which they do not understand.

The seamstresses in New York are said to be nearly as much ground down to the earth as in England. We often saw, during the war, in midwinter, an hour before sunrise, a crowd of women around the United States Depot near Philadelphia—which was more than a mile distant from their dwellings—

waiting till the office should be opened, to bring in their work and get a fresh supply. This work consisted of shirts for the soldiers, for making which they had 12½ cents each. Remember how dear everything was then—and then think how many infants were left under the care of sisters but little older than themselves, while the mothers, with broken shoes and insufficient covering, walked in the dark, one, two or three miles, and waited in the miserable cold, outside the window which they besieged for the hope of this ill-paid work! Almost all this suffering arose from the drunkenness or desertion of the husbands.

The women have held a public meeting in the Park, in order to accomplish, in some way, an advance of prices. We do not know how this can be done directly. The New York papers generally appeal to shopkeepers to substitute women for the sturdy young men who are "cramping their genius" by showing goods—and they appeal to ladies not to *matronize* (!) shops unless attended by women, who could do it so well. This may do some good, but we prefer the suggestion of *The Tribune*, that the women themselves should emigrate from the Eastern cities, where they are too numerous, and consequently undervalued, and seek the valley of the Mississippi, where they might indeed have hard work, but where they would have *plenty*, and would be promptly engaged as wives for the Western farmers and traders.

How shall they go there? If any benevolent man and wife would settle themselves in the West, and establish a manufactory of shirts, collars, children's dresses, &c., requiring a family of fifty young women, they would find that the most active importation of seamstresses would be required to keep up the family to the requisite number. The cost of the journey would be about twenty dollars, and this sum might be repaid by future labor.

The Postage Law has been altered in a half-and-half kind of way, which we fear will jeopardize its success. The true policy was to make the

change so great as to remove almost all the impediments to writing. We yet hope for a uniform postage of 3 cents the half ounce *prepared*, or 5 cents *not prepared*.

We have read the new president's Inaugural Discourse, and see nothing in it to dampen the hopes we had conceived of his administration. In the manner of the admission of Texas, if it should take place, he will endeavor to conciliate the judgment, and respect the opinions of those who are opposed to the measure. In his emphatic assertion of the rights of minorities, we anticipate the reign of law and order.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED AND PICTORIAL BIBLE, No. 20.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, 41 and 42.

SAFIA, a novel from the French.

AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE, No. 4. Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr., and published at the Express office. One dollar a year. There is a great deal of good matter in this family newspaper, and much of it is original.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—March. This is not a merely partisan or political journal.

SEMI-COLON, No. 3. Cincinnati.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT. By B. F. Porter. Tuscaloosa.

From Charles Tappan, Boston.

AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOL READER AND SPEAKER. By John Goldsbury and William Russell. We have not examined this work, except to see that it is well printed and on good paper; (a happy change in these respects has happened to young learners;) but from our knowledge of Mr. Russell's reputation in a more southern sphere of labor, we doubt not its high merit. We are informed that it has already been introduced into the schools of Boston, Salem, Portland, Brookline, Andover, Medford, Amherst, Canton, Reading, and many other towns—so that our notice is rather a late one.

A HUMBLE READING-ROOM.—The following lately appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper:—"How little do people know of what is passing daily around them! Until the other evening, we had not the remotest idea that, on being conducted up the first stair of a dingy low-roofed close in Saltmarket (No. 115,) we should observe, painted in white letters on a door, the words 'Reading-Room.' Was it possible that in such a locality—in the midst of vice and wretchedness—surrounded, as it were, by the very dregs of our dense population, there existed an institution devoted to mental culture and self-improvement? By what strange accident had a ray of light from the upper levels of society descended to this obscure alley! On entering, we passed a small kitchen to the right, with a fire burning briskly, and a shelf along the wall, supporting some half-dozen coffee-cups, with three or four bottles of lemonade. Before us were two rooms with tables and forms, and sufficiently lighted with gas, al-

though, on the whole, rather scantily furnished. In one of these apartments were a few workmen—for aught we know, common laborers—with hard bushy heads, greedily devouring the news; while in the other, there was some one reading aloud to two or three gaping listeners, whose education had been more neglected. On inquiry, we learned that the subscription to the rooms, which were pretty well furnished with newspapers and cheap periodicals—such as *Chambers' Journal* and *Miscellany*—was only *one shilling a quarter*; and that among the subscribers there were no fewer than *eleven who could not read!* It was the first time we had heard of men ignorant of the alphabet subscribing to a news-room! This interesting establishment, which was started upwards of eight months ago, through the praiseworthy exertions of a person named Mr. James Partridge, is denominated 'The City Tectotal Reading-Room,' and affords a curious instance of the good that is sometimes doing by private individuals in obscure places, and under circumstances apparently the most adverse. The funds, we understand, are at a low ebb; but a few subscriptions might easily be obtained in support of so laudable an object."

SEA-SICKNESS.—There is now in the collection of useful inventions in the gallery of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London, a model of a swing sofa, invented by a Mr. Joseph Brown, for the purpose of preventing that dreadful malady, sea-sickness. Mr. Brown's invention is at once simple and ingenious, applying itself to the cause, and not to any empirical cure of the disease when once engendered. Sofas, beds, couches, cots, or chairs, are so suspended on springs, that however a vessel may roll and pitch, the sofa or chair, as the case may be, is preserved on a perfectly horizontal equilibrium, and all oscillation effectually prevented. The motion of the ship, even during the most tempestuous weather, being thus counteracted, those who recline or sit on the sofas and chairs are as perfectly steadied against any lurch, as if they were sitting or reclining on land. A number of the higher class passenger ships, it is said, have adopted Mr. Brown's invention; and there can be no doubt that, if it effectually overcomes the motion, it will avert the disease.

A MONEY-MAKER.—About twelve years ago, a poor Frenchwoman, residing at Buenos Ayres, being exceedingly perplexed with regard to the "ways and means," set her inventive genius to work, and hit upon the following expedient:—Observing a vast quantity of bones and animal offal thrown away from the slaughter-houses with which Buenos Ayres abounds, a thought struck her that she might turn this waste to a profitable account. Having procured a large iron pot, and collected a quantity of bones, &c., she commenced operations by boiling them, and skimming off the fat, which she sold at the stores in Buenos Ayres. Finding the proceeds of her industry amply reward her labor, she persevered, advancing from a pot to a boiler, and from a boiler to a steaming-vat, until she possessed a magnificent apparatus capable of reducing a hundred head of cattle to tallow at one steaming. Four years ago she sold her manufactory, retired from business, and now rolls through the streets in one of the handsomest carriages in Buenos Ayres. There is now scarcely a respectable merchant in that place, or in Monte Video, but is in some way connected with cattle-steaming.—*Cape Frontier Times.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Chemie für Landwirthe.* (*Chemistry for Farmers.*) By Dr. CARL SPRENGEL. 2 vols. 8vo. Göttingen: 1831.
2. *Die Bodenkunde, oder Die Lehre vom Boden.* (*A Treatise on Soils.*) By Dr. CARL SPRENGEL. 8vo. Leipzig: 1837.
3. *Die Lehre vom Dünger.* (*A Treatise on Manures.*) By Dr. CARL SPRENGEL. 8vo. Leipzig: 1839.
4. *Remarks on Thorough Draining and Deep Ploughing.* By JAMES SMITH, Esq., of Deanston Works. (A Pamphlet.) Fourth Edition. Stirling: 1838.
5. *Organic Chemistry applied to Agriculture and Physiology.* By Dr. JUSTUS LIEBIG. Translated from the German by LYON PLAYFAIR, Ph. D. Third Edition. 8vo. London: 1844.
6. *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F. R. S. 8vo. London: 1844.
7. *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F. R. S. 12mo. Fourth Edition. London and Edinburgh: 1844.
8. *Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F. R. S. (A Pamphlet.) Eighth Edition. Edinburgh and London: 1844.
9. *Essai de Statique Chimique des Etres Organisés.* Par MM. DUMAS et BOUSSINGAULT. 8vo. Troisième Edition. Paris: 1844.
10. *Economie Rurale.* Par M. J. B. BOUSSINGAULT. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris: 1844.
11. *Proeve eener Algemeene Physiologische Scheikunde.* Door G. J. MULDER. Hoogleraar, te Utrecht. Rotterdam: 1844.
12. *The Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology.* By PROFESSOR MULDER of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by Dr. FROMBERG. Part I. London: 1844.

"In my estimation," says a recent German writer, "the agricultural periodicals of England and Scotland, especially the latest of them, are of high interest in Germany; not so much in presenting a pattern that we should altogether imitate, as in exhibiting the successive steps taken by the government, and by private individuals, in those countries, with the view of sustaining their enormous population."

If it be a difficult task for British Agriculture to fill with wholesome food the mouths of the present population of the island—how will it be able to fulfil this destination sixty years hence, when, at the present rate of increase, the population will be doubled? Before the sons of the present generation become old men, Great Britain alone may contain forty millions of people. How is all this increase to be fed from the produce of the same extent of land? Can this land, as a whole, really be made to bear the double of its present crops? If it can, as many think it may, what steps ought to be adopted with the view of promoting—of hastening forward rather—this increased state of productiveness?

Other countries may look forward with less apprehension to such a contingent increase of their inhabitants. We speak not of Norway, Sweden,

Russia, Poland, or the North of Europe, generally, where wide tracts of land are waiting untenanted for new accessions of people; but of those other districts towards the south, where the wants of the population already border on the supposed limits of the productive powers of the soil on which they live. Happen what may, these countries can never be in the condition to which Great Britain seems destined to come. The overflows of one of these countries will press onward into some other, in which there is space to receive them. The German craftsman is early accustomed to a peripatetic life; and it is little to him, whether, at the close of his wanderings, he settle down on the Rhine, the Danube, or the Vistula. So the too frequent swarms of the French provinces may hive, as of old, beyond the Alps or the Rhine. In either country, the individual who is cramped at home, whatever his station or resources, may more or less easily escape into less peopled districts. The feeble barriers of the Douane or of the Polizei cannot confine the natural expansion of a whole people.

But it is otherwise in Britain. That insular position to which we owe so much of our freedom from foreign aggression, and which is a main source of our national safety and greatness, hems in and confines the people. The poor man cannot take up his staff and trudge across wide seas, in search of another home. The needy Highlander may, with his family, beg his way from John-o'-Groat's to the Lizard, but further he cannot go. Without money he cannot reach a new country, and if he possesses a little money, his spirit of enterprise is damped by the consideration, that should he prove unfortunate, he cannot, without money, return to his own country, but must die in a land of strangers.

Thus, whatever aid emigration, either individual or national, may lend in partially retarding the increase of our population, it is clear that it must very rapidly augment—that the additional people must for the most part stay at home—and that the soil will, year by year, (unless some severe dispensation of Providence intervene,) be called upon to provide food for an augmented number of inhabitants.

What, then, is doing, and what may yet be done, with the view of increasing the actual produce of the land?

The natural progress of agricultural improvement is, in its main steps, easily traced. It is determined partly by the nature of the soil, and in part by the density of the population. At first the people are few—land therefore abundant, instruments rude, live stock thinly scattered, and manure little cared for or collected. Only where the land is dry, or of lighter quality, and easily stirred, is the natural herbage broken up. Corn is there sown, and crop after crop is taken, till the produce dwindles down to three or four seeds, when the soil is for the time abandoned, and new land broken up, to be subjected to a similar exhausting tillage. Such has been more or less the case in our time with all the older states of the American union; such was formerly the case in many parts of Scotland; and such is still the case on the plains of Russia and Poland. In this stage of agriculture, manure is almost unthought of, except as a nuisance which unavoidably accumulates, and calls for labor to remove it. On the shores of the Wolga, and its tributary streams, winter aids the farmer in removing his dung-heaps. They are

carted on to the ice when the rivers are frozen, and the thaw sweeps them down towards the Caspian sea.

But as land becomes less comparatively abundant, corn must be raised more frequently from the same spot, and one or other of the simplest forms of rotation will be introduced. The farm is divided into three portions—one in perpetual grass, on which the live stock graze in summer, and which yields hay for their winter's food—the other two in arable culture. From the latter, in the colder countries, as was till lately the case in Sweden, a crop is taken in each alternate year. The value of manure is now, in some measure, understood, and the droppings of the cattle are collected and bestowed upon the land. We do not indeed insist upon this yearly alternating corn and naked fallow—though a rude form of husbandry found in countries where agriculture is still young—as necessarily and immediately succeeding to the system of perennial and exhausting crops of corn. It may be too sudden a transition, to pass at once from many successive crops, and many years of fallow, to a single season of each; but it must, we think, be considered as a stage through which an advancing people will pass. It cannot be the result of a high refinement in agriculture, since such refinement accompanies only an increase of population; which is generally followed by a diminution of naked fallows—which cannot, in fact, afford that the land should lie idle every other year.

Where a diversity of soils prevails, as is so much the case in this island, those parts are first selected for arable culture which, not being blown or naked sands, are naturally the driest—are worked at the least cost of time and labor, and give the most sure return. Thus certain districts—certain whole counties—the surface of some entire geological formations—have been ploughed and sown from time immemorial; while others have lain as long in permanent pasture. Hence it is, that on some of the stiffest clay lands of England, the richest old grasses exist. Hence, also, in counties abounding in clayey soils, the oldest villages are usually found upon the lighter land, or on the hills or ridges of sand gravel which here and there cover or pierce through the clay. Such a case presents itself in the eastern half of the county of Durham, in which every old village or parish church—almost without exception—between the Wear and the Tees, is situated on such rounded hills or banks, or flats of sand and limestone gravel; on which tillage is easy, the natural drainage good, and the rains of a humid climate of less hurtful influence.

Such lighter land being all in occupation, the next step the farmer is induced to take, as the demand for corn increases, is further to diminish his naked fallows—to adopt, for example, the ancient three-course shift (two crops between each naked fallow) which to the present day characterizes a very large portion of the North European agriculture. Naked fallows could not yet be abolished, even on soils from which weeds could be readily extirpated. Where manuring is little understood or cared for, they must still prevail. If we do not renovate the land by adding to it some equivalent for what we take off, we must, for a time, leave our fields to themselves, to renovate their exhausted powers as they may.

But to this state of things succeeds the alternate husbandry. Instead of naked fallows, green crops—called hence fallow crops—are grown on the

land, which otherwise would have been idle. To eat these green crops, cattle are kept in greater numbers. More manure is thus produced. When laid on the land, this manure causes more corn to grow on the same extent of surface, so that a larger measure of grain is carried to market by the farmer than before; while the green crops, or rather the beef and mutton into which they have been converted, form a clear gain of food to the country, and of profit to the husbandman.

Still other benefits follow this change. Armed with this new supply of manure—a new engine, as it were, placed at her command—improvement turns now to the uncultivated lands. Light sands, and dry heaths and commons, which refused to grow corn crops alone, are brought, by means of alternate green crops, and eating off with sheep, or other forms of copious manuring, to yield continuous and profitable returns. Thus wide wastes, like those which formerly covered Norfolk and Lincolnshire, are converted into productive domains—rich in sheep and corn, honorable to the improvers, and of great value to the state.

And now the dry land of easy tillage, and at moderate elevations, being pretty generally worked up, improvement again takes a new direction. Emboldened by past success to expend her labor and capital more freely, she discovers that the levels of lakes may be lowered, and good land around their margins thus cheaply bought; that bogs may be drained and wet lands laid comparatively dry, by making open or covered ditches (drains) wherever springs arise, and thus diverting their waters into fixed channels. These first steps in drainage add largely to the available surface of countries in which, as in ours, much rain falls. In Britain they have already done a considerable part of their work—though vast tracts of bog are still ready, both in Britain and in Ireland, to reward the industrious improver. In Sweden and Norway they are at present promising to add nearly an entire third to the best land of the Scandinavian peninsula.

Meanwhile, other important advances are making. Green crops yield much manure, but they also require much. It is discovered by some that the higher the farming—the more liberal the supply of manure—the greater the profit. Hence the manure of the towns comes to be eagerly sought for, and the produce of the neighboring lands is largely increased. But the farmer who lives remote from towns cannot avail himself of these supplies. For him, therefore, lighter, drier, and more concentrated manures are in request. And thus arises a new and enlivening demand—that for bones, rape-dust, and other portable manures—or hand tillages, as the Yorkshire farmers call them—experience having previously shown that such substances were really capable of augmenting the produce of the soil.

Thus the country farmer and the town farmer are again placed nearly upon a level. It is in the power of both to farm high, and—if they have enterprise enough—yearly to bring new land into tillage by the aid of manures respectively within their reach. But a further great benefit follows the introduction of these easily transported and highly fertilizing substances. Moors, and wolds, and commons, and the hilly parts of farms, to which, on account of the expense, it had hitherto been impossible to cart up and apply heavy farmyard manure, even could it be got, were now in effect lowered in elevation by the diminished bulk

and weight of the manure to be carried to them. One cart of bone-dust was found to raise more turnips than twenty of farm-yard dung; and the corn crops which followed gave equal returns. Thus the green corn now waves on the hill-tops of Wootton and the highlands of Lincolnshire; and the Yorkshire wolds have been added to the permanent tillage lands of the kingdom.

But each succeeding step becomes more difficult and costly than that which went before—as in astronomy and chemistry, it requires longer preparation and higher talent to achieve distinction now, than when Newton and Lavoisier laid the first secure foundation for either science. It is upon the lighter lands—the sandy, the loamy, the peaty soil—that the main expenditure of skill has hitherto taken place. The heaviest clay lands have still lain in grass, and those of a less stubborn character have still rested their accustomed time in naked fallow. From the time of the Romans to our own day, the same rotation of wheat, beans, fallow, has prevailed on some of the best and most capable clay soils in the island. Here and there, it is true, a rare instance is recorded in the agricultural history of our midland and southern counties, of a thorough drainage being successfully attempted. The idea of thoroughly draining such lands, with the view at once of increasing their produce, of rendering the harvest more sure, and of making the soil more easy to work—this idea does not appear to be new. In Norfolk, and Essex, and Surrey, and in many other counties, the system may have been long known; but it is not upon record that any great national benefit was in any of these counties derived from the practice. We can imagine many reasons why the knowledge of this mode of improvement should linger on isolated spots; and, though understood by men of clearer heads and stronger minds, should diffuse itself slowly among the mass of country squires and farmers. Formerly, as now, however, the expense may have been the main obstacle to the extension of the practice; and this obstacle would be the more formidable then, because less costly means of improvement were as yet far from being exhausted.

Without conceding that it is either a Scottish improvement—one of exclusively northern origin, or even as yet a characteristic of Scottish agriculture, since there are very many districts in Scotland into which the skilful drainer has yet scarcely found his way—we must, nevertheless, allow that in Scotland the *thorough*, or, as some improperly call it, the *furrow* draining of clay lands was first made a national question; and that to Mr. Smith of Deanston, the agriculture of Great Britain and Ireland is mainly indebted for demonstrating its advantages, and for recommending it to the attention of the community at large. To the energy and perseverance, no less than to the intelligence and practical skill of Mr. Smith, we owe the present widely diffused conviction, in regard to the utility and importance of this branch of agricultural improvement. It is not now denied indeed, that the first great stride which England has to make in the culture of her arable lands, is in the adaptation of her clay soils to the alternate husbandry, which an efficient system of drainage will enable her to effect. Into the colonies, too, the drain and the subsoil plough have made their way; and Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Demarara, are equally alive to the benefits which the use of them may confer on the staple productions of their now less fertile soils.

In saying that England has this great stride to take, we by no means wish to insinuate that Scotland has already done her duty to the clay and other wet soils she possesses. Whole tracts of country, apart from the high-roads, are still unacquainted with thorough draining; many of the older drains are put in too shallow, and without a sole to rest upon; and so little is still known, even in the zealous and intelligent agricultural districts of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, of the true principles and purposes of thorough draining, that leading improvers are even now allowing themselves to be guided by men who can see no advantage in sinking their drains beyond twenty inches in depth.

Next in order to the drain succeeds the subsoil plough. The water being drawn off the land, it will bear to be deeper dug, or stirred or trenched. The crops which formerly were condemned to draw their sustenance from six or nine inches of soil, can now descend eighteen or twenty inches. A double store of food is thus unlocked; and he who opens up, and, by draining, renders wholesome, the surface of his fields to a double depth, does, in reality, add in effect to the available extent of his possessions. He makes them capable of yielding him larger returns, and for a longer period of years, without the risk of exhaustion.

The draining era is also that of improved agricultural implements. The stiffness of the clay soils demands strong ploughs. The unavoidable heaviness of the draught prescribes lightness as an important requisite, while ease of management is a high recommendation where the ploughman is less skilful or intelligent. Thus the ingenuity of the mechanic is called forth, and instruments of various forms are constructed; with the view of fulfilling these several conditions in the way which is best adapted to the soil, and to the other local circumstances of the districts in which they are to be used. Thus open soils are found to be benefited by pressers; the stiff clays by clod-crushers; and by grubbers or extirpators to tear out the weeds. The high farmer indulges also in the luxury of drill-machines, of turnip-slicers, of straw-cutters, of thrashing mills, and of steaming apparatus; so that mechanical science, at this stage of its advancement, becomes as much the handmaid of agriculture as of any of the other arts of life.

But further wants are meanwhile beginning to be felt. The higher the farming, as we have said, the greater the quantity of manure which is required; and the more the high-farmed land in a country increases, the greater, in an equal ratio, will the demand for extraneous manures become. It is found that land, to be well farmed, must receive now and then some manure, in addition to that which it produces. The demand, especially for portable manures, increases—the supply not being exhaustless, does not keep pace with it—and thus they increase in price to the highest sum which the farmers who live nearest the seaports can afford to pay. Science is now consulted: her aid is craved to point out new sources of old manures—to manufacture new ones—to tell how the old are to be husbanded—what new economy can be introduced into the manuring of the soil—to unfold, in short, the principles on which a rational, economical, and profitable tillage of the soil ought to be founded. This is the last great step which an advancing and hard-pressed agricultural community takes—slowly and almost unwillingly takes. Long accustomed to empirical rules, and guided by old methods, the husband-

man is slow to admit that science can throw light upon *his* path;—that what he is pleased to stigmatize as *theory* can aid the *long experience* on which *his* practice rests. But once persuade him that the same scientific researches which have pointed their forward way to the other arts of life, are fitted to lead him on too—so persuade him, as to induce him to ask for the aid of science—and a new era has commenced in the tillage of the land. Such a new era is now, we hope, commencing among the agriculturists of Great Britain and Ireland.

We could have wished, in answer to our own question—What is now doing to hasten forward that increased productiveness of which the soil is capable?—to have dwelt for a time on the progress now so extensively making with the drain and the subsoil plough, and on the great results we are entitled to expect from a still wider, and more skilful adoption of these fundamental instruments of improvement. But these points of inquiry are already, in some measure, understood. We shall turn, therefore, to the newer and higher branch of the subject—that on which imperfect information still widely prevails; in regard to which even fears and misgivings exist in the minds of some—the influence, namely, which science is fitted to exercise on the future improvement of the soil.

The questions—What has science hitherto done? What can it be expected yet to perform for the benefit of agriculture?—are at the present time of the greater moment; because the general mind is awakened, in an unprecedented degree, to the necessity of doing something to elevate the art of culture to a level with the other useful arts; and because the three great bodies who at once represent and guide the agriculture of the three kingdoms, are zealously striving which can do the most, in their respective spheres, towards the attainment of this great object.

The Irish, the English, and the Scottish "National Agricultural Societies," are, as the circumstances of each country direct, following different main lines of improvement. Besides the bettering of the breeds of stock—which all encourage, perhaps, in too great a *proportionate* degree—the Irish Society is planting auxiliaries in the provinces—fixing centres, as it were, from which her future operations in each country may begin—is drawing attention to the drainage and improvement of bogs, and is diffusing among the peasant farmers of Ireland the elements of a better husbandry. The force of the English Society has hitherto been more especially expended, and certainly with great success, upon the mechanics of the art—on the improvement of the implements by which the stubborn clays of the country may be hereafter thoroughly subdued—and in collecting information as to what has already been done in different parts of England, with the view of discovering what she may herself most usefully endeavor to accomplish. This is consistent with English prudence, and full of future promise. The Highland Society, again, if not the parent, long at least the predecessor of both, having all her machinery perfect, and possessing full leisure to consider what both agriculture and the times require, if she does not quite lead, has not as yet lagged far behind the advance of knowledge. With limited means, she has for many years shown an increasing desire to enlist the aid of science in the cause of agriculture. This desire, as her published premiums show, is now stronger

than ever; and ere another year passes, will, we are sure, be still more decidedly manifested. It becomes a kind of national duty with us, therefore, briefly to point out the relations which the sciences, especially those of chemistry and geology, bear to the art of culture.

The progress of agricultural improvement, as we have seen, brings with it an increased demand for manures of easy transport. The supply gradually falls short of the demand, and their market value rises until they reach a kind of famine price; at which the corn they can be made to raise barely repays the cost of applying them. This high price, which at first appears to be an unmitigated evil, leads, however, to good in many ways. Perhaps the simplest and most intelligible way of treating our present subject will be, to follow in their order the successive effects or improvements to which this high price naturally gives rise.

In the first place, it causes all *known* manures to be eagerly sought for and collected. The home dealer is stimulated to search for them in every quarter, and each bone-mill employs its staff of humble collectors to perambulate the towns and villages. Foreign and larger dealers spring up in the seaports. Our east coast puts the whole seaboard of Europe under requisition—whole fleets of merchantmen from the west, skirt the Irish shores, or, crossing the Atlantic, bring their cargoes of bones from the United States; and even to Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, suggest a new article of export, in addition to the hides and tallow of their numberless cattle. Such is, perhaps, the earliest national advantage which springs from high prices and increased demand.

It is interesting enough to mark how agriculture and commerce thus mutually aid each other—how the wants of one country impart a new value even to the refuse substances of another, and afford a new employment to its idle population. But it is more interesting still to observe how such a traffic, commenced with a view to the benefit of our own farming interest, reacts upon the minds of the agricultural population in those distant countries—awakening them to new desires, and leading them to increased skill in the art by which they live. Bones, for example, they come to think, may be useful at home, if it is worth the while of English merchants to bring them from so great a distance. How are they to be used, they ask, where and when applied, to what crops, on what soils, and after what preparation? Such questions call forth by degrees a vast amount of practical information, the diffusion of which has in Sweden already given rise to the complaint, that bones are not to be obtained by the home farmer, because of the high price offered by the exporters to England; and in the United States of America, to the reflection, that they are surely worth more for home consumption than the seven or eight dollars a ton which the English agents pay for them. How striking to see the awakening intelligence of a few thousand agriculturists in our own island, thus rousing a spirit of inquiry, and actually pushing forward the art of culture in the most remote parts of the world!

A second and no less important consequence of this high price of manure, is the saving to which it leads of such as were previously wasted. It is only the more skilful farmers who use these comparatively costly substances in any considerable quantity. The less skilful cannot afford to use

them. Their land is not in proper condition, perhaps because it is undrained, or they apply them after a wrong method, or at a wrong season; so that if by way of experiment they are tempted to try them, they suffer an actual money loss, and they are long deterred from employing them again. Nevertheless, the absolute value of manures of every kind rises in the estimation of the farmer, as that of portable manures increases. He comes to see that every waste of manure is an actual loss of money; and when satisfied of this, the slowest begin to move, and the most wedded to old customs to think of deviating from the methods of their forefathers.

The instructed look with amazement when, on the borders of the Roman Campagna, they see whole hills of dung, the long accumulating refuse from the stables of the post-house, or when, on the breaking up of the winter's frost, they see the yearly collections from the farm-yards floated away on the ice of the Wolga, almost literally realizing the times of the *Ægean* stables. We never dream that anything half so barbarous could by possibility happen among ourselves; and yet a visit to a hill-farm in Northumberland may show us the same winter accumulations emptied purposely on the side of a brook, that the waters may carry them off, or into some neighboring hollow, where they are least in the way, and have been permitted to collect for entire generations. Such palpable waste is seldom seen, indeed, in the lower country, where intercourse is greater, and where knowledge and public opinion spread more widely, and exercise a more immediate influence; and yet the no less serious waste of the liquid from our farm-yards is still too widely prevalent, even in our better cultivated districts, and among our more improving and intelligent farmers. Within the last few weeks, we have walked over the farms of the first practical farmer of the Tyne-side, and of the most celebrated breeder in Yorkshire, and yet, from the fold-yard of the one, the liquid was conducted by a drain into the nearest ditch; and from the cow-houses of the other, into a shallow open pond, where it stood reeking and fermenting beneath a blazing sun! What merit, as a farmer, can that man claim, who, though he annually lays five tons of guano, or bones, or rape-dust upon his farm, yet allows what is equal to ten or twenty tons of the same, to run to waste from his farm-yard in the form of liquid manure?

It is such waste as this that the high price of portable manure tends to check. It is now happily checking it here and there in various parts of the island; but it will be long before the evil is remedied over the general face of the country.

But after he has done everything in the way of saving what he had hitherto inadvertently neglected, the inquiring farmer still finds that his wants are not all supplied; that if he would farm high—raise, in other words, the largest possible produce from his land—he must still incur a considerable annual expense in the purchase of foreign manures. Can I not, he next asks himself—Can I not husband these manures which cost me so much? Is there no way in which I can more economically apply them, so as, from the same quantity of manure, to obtain a larger return of roots or corn? This inquiry leads him to three successive mechanical improvements, as they may be called, which are severally applicable to one or other of the crops he cultivates. *First*, To put his manure into the ground immediately before he

sows his crop in spring or summer, rather than in the preceding autumn. This is a result of the same system of saving to which we have already adverted. By examining the waters which escape from the drains during winter—upon his thorough drained land—he finds that they actually carry with them a portion of the manure he had previously laid upon his fields in the autumn, and that thus he had unconsciously suffered a partial loss. To put it in, therefore, only when spring arrives, will ensure him a certain saving. *Second*, To deposit the manure in the drills when his seed is sown, putting it all thus within reach of the plant, and wasting none of it on the unprofitable or unproductive part of the soil. And *third*, with the drop-drill to bury it only beside the seeds it is intended to nourish, and thus more perfectly to effect what laying along the whole drill had only in part accomplished. These methods husband his manures, and, at the same time, call in the aid of the ingenious mechanic to furnish cheap and efficient implements, by which the several operations may be easily performed. They may not be applicable to all his crops, and there are certain circumstances under which the intelligent practical man will wisely refrain from fully adopting any one of them; but they are valuable illustrations of rural economy, nevertheless, and of the line along which improvement will proceed, in endeavoring “to raise the largest amount of produce, in the shortest time, at the smallest cost, and with the least permanent injury to the land.”*

But the same desire to husband his manures, leads him also to what may be called a chemical improvement in the form in which he applies them. “If,” says he, “as chemists tell me, the roots of the plant drink in only that which is in a liquid form, the manures which are already in a liquid state, or in such a condition, at least, that the rains will readily dissolve them, should be more immediately useful in the nourishment of my crops. If I apply dry bones to my turnips, they must take a considerable time to become soluble, and may not yield all their substance to the growing bulb before its period of maturity arrives; and though the residue of the bones left in the soil does benefit the after crop, still the rains of winter must wash away some of their constituents, and thus occasion to me a variable loss. Would not the same quantity of bones or rape-dust, or even of guano, go further in the production of corn, or potatoes, or turnips, if I could apply all their constituents to my land in a fluid form?” Theory and experiment both answer these questions in the affirmative. Recent experiments, especially upon the action of bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, have thrown new light upon this subject; and though too hasty inferences have by some been drawn from them, and the benefits to be derived from the new method have been exaggerated, and unreasonable expectations have consequently been excited, yet such good may fairly be expected from the use of the liquid form of applying manures, as will encourage, we hope, the continuance and extension of experimental inquiry.

Here, also, the mechanical contriver has been called in, and premiums have been offered and received for liquid-manure carts, and other implements for the economical application of manures in the fluid form. We should appear to be behind

* Johnston's *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*.

the knowledge of the day upon this matter, were we not to allude to the method which Mr. Smith and some of his friends have proposed for distributing liquid manures on a large scale, and over entire farms. He builds a tower 120 feet high; to the top of this tower he pumps up his manures—he conducts them by pipes to the several fields of the farm, and, without shifting his position, he squirts a fertilizing shower over whole acres at once. We are unwilling hastily to condemn, and more unwilling to ridicule, anything which Mr. Smith proposes or supports; we shall wait patiently, therefore, for the result of the trial he is about to make of an actual tower upon a farm in Lancashire. If any practical measure can be devised for working up the waste liquids of our large towns, a great national good will certainly be effected.

Yet all these contrivances do not materially reduce the price of our known and available manures; because, as we have seen, in an improving country like ours the demand increases as rapidly as the supply. Other sources of supply are looked for, and substances, not hitherto known to possess fertilizing properties, are collected for the use of the farmer. The refuse of the sugar-boiler, of the glue manufacturer, of the miller, the maltster, the currier, the horn and knife-handle manufacturer, and even of the haircutter, are all collected and readily sold as manures; because they are shown by the chemist to consist of the same animal and vegetable substances which, in other forms, are known greatly to benefit the land.

Special manufactories for the preparation of manures next spring up. The first object taken up in most countries by these manufactories, is to give a portable and less perishable and offensive form to the night soil and urine of the larger towns. Here chemistry is more *directly* and obviously employed in the service of the farmer, and under the names of *poudrette*, animalized carbon, and *humus*, or of urate and sulphated urine, these substances are recommended to the practical man by the new race of dealers to which his wants have given rise. To meet the ignorance and quackery with which some of their number assail him, and to arm himself against imposition, the farmer must now acquire some scientific knowledge himself; or must have a ready means of access to scientific men, on whose skill and integrity he can rely.

Meantime observations of another kind accumulate, which gradually bring into use an entirely new class of substances as fertilizers of the land. From the most remote times, and in all countries, animal and vegetable substances have been principally employed as manures; and the farmers are comparatively few in number still, who will believe that their crops can be *fed* by anything they can add to the soil which is not either of animal or of vegetable origin. But here and there solitary cases have always been observed, in which substances dug out of the soil, and obviously neither of animal nor of vegetable origin, have greatly promoted the growth of our cultivated crops. In some places sea salt—in others wood ashes—in Italy and Egypt the natron, or soda, which encrusts the plains of the latter country—in India its native saltpetre—over whole states in Germany and North America, crushed gypsum or plaster—and everywhere, almost without exception, marl, and shell-sand, and lime, are known to impart new fertility to the soil, and renewed vigor to the growing crops. Such substances as these, however,

were not regarded as manures—they were supposed merely to *stimulate* the plant to an extraordinary growth for the time, leaving the ground, like a drunkard after a debauch, proportionably weaker and less fertile for the future. Thus their use was checked, limited, and looked upon with suspicion. They appeared to fertilize, while in reality they robbed the land. They increased the present but diminished the future crops—they enriched the fathers, but impoverished the sons.

There were not wanting many, indeed, who opposed this view, and quoted cases in which these substances had been employed, for a long series of years, without producing such injurious effects; but still, agricultural feeling and opinion were against them, and they have as yet but partially prevailed. Even the introduction of nitrate of soda from Peru, at a comparatively cheap rate, and the publication of the remarkable effects it was seen to produce, have been unable to bring these mineral substances into general favor. Since the introduction of guano, nitrate of soda, as an application by itself, has been almost forgotten; and bones, rape cake, and guano, all of which are considered as true manures, are still the main dependence of those who cultivate their lands by the aid of portable manures.

This unwillingness to employ, or to rely upon, saline substances as manures, has been aided by another series of observations of great interest, and of important practical consequence, the true explanation of which is even now but little understood by practical men. The scientific investigation of them, however, has led to the discovery of the most beautiful physiological principles, and to the clearest demonstration of the value of chemical science to agricultural practice.

It was found, for example, that, though in some countries, and upon some soils, the use of gypsum, saltpetre, common salt, and other similar substances, produced strikingly beneficial results, yet that upon other soils, and in other localities, they produced no sensible effect at all. How was this to be accounted for? If these substances merely acted as stimulants, why were they incapable of stimulating a poor and laggard crop in one soil as well as in another? The difference of their action in the several circumstances, must depend upon some difference in the soils themselves.

Then chemistry was asked to analyze these soils—a work, at first but unskilfully performed, and still very rarely completed with accuracy and care. This has arisen in part from the inherent difficulties of the process, and partly from the little remuneration of any kind, either for time or skill, which those most deeply interested in such inquiries have offered to the chemical investigator. So little, indeed, is still understood by practical men of the analytical—the highest branch of the chemical—art, that the rigorous analysis of a soil is looked upon as the work of a few hours, or, at the utmost, of two or three days only; and the money or other value attached to the discovery of this or that ingredient, is judged of accordingly. In this line, the largest amount of work hitherto done has been performed by the German agricultural chemist Sprengel, and is recorded in his work upon soils, of which we have, among other publications, prefixed the title to the present article. The accuracy of Sprengel has recently been impugned by Liebig, in that *fortiter in re* style he usually employs in reference to those with whom he happens to differ. But we are not inclined to

go along with him in his sweeping condemnation of all Sprengel's analyses; and we cannot agree ungraciously to reject the entire labors of a long life, expended upon a branch to which no other equally skilful chemist had, for nearly twenty years, thought proper to turn his attention.

Now, through the labors of Sprengel chiefly—not solely, for he had predecessors and contemporaries also, though less laborious, and less clear and decided in their opinions than himself—it has been established regarding soils:

1. That they all contain a certain proportion of organic, chiefly vegetable, matter, which readily burns away when they are heated to redness in the air. This combustible matter in peaty soils sometimes amounts to 50 or 60 per cent. of the whole weight; while in clay soils, such as the white, undrained clays of Lanarkshire, less than one per cent. is present.

2. That in all naturally fertile soils, the incombustible part contains a notable quantity of each of ten or eleven different mineral substances.

3. That soils in which one or more of these substances is either wholly wanting, or is not present in sufficient quantity, will not produce good crops.

4. That to these latter soils what is wanting may be artificially added, and that thus their fertility may be increased, restored, or maintained.

5. That some of these substances, when present in excess in the soil, become noxious to the plant; and that, to render such a soil productive, this excess must be, in some way or other, removed.

These five propositions comprehend nearly all that is of importance, in regard to the incombustible part of the soil. They are all fully and frequently stated in the works of Sprengel. They are illustrated and enforced in those of Liebig and Johnstone. It would interfere with our present purpose to dwell upon the combustible or organic part of the soil.

But, with the aid of these propositions, the general doctrine of soils, and the action of saline or mineral manures, becomes so far clear and simple. A soil, to be fertile, must contain ten or eleven known substances. If any of these be altogether absent, you will improve your soil by adding them to it; if they are present, the addition of them will do no good. If salt or gypsum, for example, or the ingredients of wood ashes, be wholly absent, you will obtain large crops by adding these substances largely to the soil; if they are merely deficient, a smaller application will be of service; if they are already present in sufficient quantity, any application of them to the soil will be so much money thrown away. The substances hitherto called *stimulants*, now appear to be only necessary ingredients of a fertile soil. Their true relation to vegetable life, was only ascertained by a further advance on the road of discovery, to which we shall by and by advert.

But here other branches of science stepped in to aid—in some degree, to generalize—this important deduction of analytical chemistry, and to make it more widely useful. Geology has ascertained, that the several varieties of loose or drifted materials which cover the earth's surface, and form our soils, are only the *debris*, or weather-worn relics of the solid rocks; and that they are more or less related in composition to the rocks themselves, from which they are respectively derived. Further, with the aid of Chemistry and Mineral-

ogy, it was known to geologists that the several beds or masses of rock which form the crust of the globe, consist either of different materials, or of the same materials in different proportions. The same must be the case, therefore, to a certain extent, with the soils formed from them. Thus, a limestone soil would originally abound in lime—a dolomitic soil, in both lime and magnesia—a red marl, or red sandstone soil, in gypsum perhaps, or in common salt—a trap soil, in lime and oxide of iron; and a mica-slate, or granite soil, in potash and other alkaline matter.

Now a geological map exhibits, by its several colors, the several areas over which this or that rock extends. The general character and composition, therefore, of the soils over those areas, is known by a simple inspection of the map. And if one kind of treatment has been found profitable, or one kind of application favorable to the crops in one part of each of those areas, the probability becomes very strong that they will prove equally beneficial on other parts of the same areas, or in other countries where the same rocks and soils occur. The amount of really useful practical knowledge which this relation between the geological structure of a district, and the chemical constitution of its soils, puts within the reach of the intelligent agriculturist, is very great. The broad generalizations of which it is susceptible, or to which it points, must enter as an element into the most important political considerations.

Again, the Physical Geography of a district we know has much influence upon its climate, and therefore upon the fertility of its soils, and their capability of growing or ripening this or that crop. The broad plain, the deep valley, and the high mountain, all affect the agricultural capabilities of a tract of country, whatever the composition of its soils may be. But we do not at first sight see how, independently of their geological structure, such differences in physical geography should affect the actual chemical composition, and consequently modify the chemical and agricultural treatment of the soil. And yet they do so in many ways, some of which are striking enough. Thus, a plain country receives over all its surface the equal influences of the rains and winds of heaven, and consequently is alike rendered fertile or alike injured over its whole extent by atmospheric agencies; but where high lands exist, the mountain tops attract the rains, and streams of water flow down the sides, washing the soils of the upper country, and carrying down their spoils to the more level spots, or to the bottoms of the valleys. An important chemical difference is thus produced among the soils of the district. The elements of fertility may abound in the land below, while comparative unproductiveness distinguishes the soil above. So one side of a hill exposed to the beating rain and long prevailing winds, will yield a different produce and in different quantities from that which is sheltered from the cold, and is watered by less frequent and warmer rains. Again, where the sea girdles an island-coast like ours, its hills and valleys affect the constitution of its soils more strikingly still. The wind sweeps over the North Sea, or it comes over the broad Atlantic. It frets and ruffles the waters as it passes along; it lifts the crest of the waves, and plays among their streaming hair; it bears along a briny spray, which it sprinkles widely over the land, moistening with a salt dew the fields and forests which lie in its way. Let a ridge of hills interrupt its course, it

deposits on the seaward slope a large proportion of its watery burden, and is turned upwards from the land in its further career. Thus the salt is spread in abundance over the face of the hills which look towards the sea, and along the plain which separates them from its shores—while the flats or valleys on the other side of the ridge are seldom reached by those bounteous visitings of nature.

And in what does this alleged bounty of nature consist, or in what way is it felt? A fertile soil contains, as we have seen, in its incombustible part, a sensible proportion of ten or eleven different substances, which are necessary to its fertility. Of these substances sea water contains six or seven. Where it is constantly sprinkled over the land, therefore, it is constantly adding these to the soil. Thus it happens that those saline substances which the sea water contains—common salt, namely, and gypsum, and sulphate of magnesia—may prove of no use when sprinkled by the farmer upon lands which are more or less exposed to the sea breeze; while on the landward side of mountain ridges, and in sheltered flats and valleys, they may return many times the cost of their application, to the farmer who skilfully and with knowledge applies them.

The rains of heaven, as we have seen, wash the tops of the high hills, and carry the soluble parts of their soils to the bottoms. So the same rains more or less quickly wash all soils, and carry into the sea the riches of the land. But kind nature, on the wings of the wind, wafts back again a part at least of those substances which the rain had carried away; and thus, in spite even of the neglect or careless waste of unskilful husbandry, maintains the fertility of whole districts, of which the productiveness would otherwise gradually decrease. The agricultural value of an insular position becomes thus apparent. The rains wash out saline substances from the soil; but the winds from every quarter bring them back; and a green and luxuriant vegetation is kept up, where otherwise the ingredients of a fertile soil could only be brought together by the labor and industry of man. The fields of our sister isle owe something of their "emerald green" to the winds and waters of the wide Atlantic.

To such practical results, far more numerous than our limits permit us even to notice, did, and still does, the chemical examination of soils lead the inquiring agriculturist. But at this stage of his inquiries, another striking feature presented itself, the study of which led to further and more satisfactory, because more advanced, conclusions. It was seen that, on the same soil, the application of the same substance—for the sake of simplicity, suppose it a saline substance—promoted the growth of one crop and not of another. If clover and wheat, for example, grew on different parts of the same field, it was seen that gypsum or common salt would greatly increase the luxuriance of the one, while it caused little or no change in the appearance or produce of the other. Something, therefore, must depend upon the kind of plant which is grown upon it, as well as upon the chemical constitution of the soil itself. There must be some as yet unknown chemical relation between the crop to be grown, and the manure which could be beneficially applied to it. What was the nature of this relation? If discovered, might it not be brought to bear advantageously upon practice?

These new questions gave rise to new, refined, and tedious chemical investigations into the nature and composition of plants, and of their several parts. A new field was opened to the view, on which much labor has already been expended, from which much knowledge has been reaped, but by far the largest proportion of which is as yet wholly unexplored. We shall briefly glance at the points which may already be considered as in some degree established.

1. All plants, like all productive soils, consist of an organic or combustible, and an inorganic or incombustible, part. The difference, in this respect, between the plant and the soil is, that the latter contains only from three to ten parts, the former from ninety to ninety-eight parts of combustible matter.

2. That the incombustible part or ash of the plant contains a sensible quantity of from eight to eleven different substances—*these substances being the same exactly as are found in all fertile soils.*

3. That though these substances are all present in all our cultivated crops, yet that some of them are more abundant in some plants than in others—and in some parts of the same plant than in other parts. Thus, in some vegetables, lime abounds; in others, magnesia; in others potash, and so on; while in one part of a plant much silica, in another much bone earth may be uniformly present.

These points are not new. They were first put forward, but darkly, by Ruckert—were in some measure understood by De Saussure—were clearly brought out and enforced in the several German works of Sprengel; but were first presented in a captivating form to the British public in the work of Professor Liebig.

We do not specify here other less general and less intelligible results. From those which have been stated, much light is thrown upon practical points which were previously unintelligible. Thus, it no longer appears singular that all fertile soils should contain ten or eleven incombustible substances. These substances are constituent parts of all plants, without which they cannot exist or grow in a healthy manner; and the soils are fertile only because they are in a condition to give to the growing plant everything it requires for the building up of its several parts. Again, a soil in which some of these materials are wanting or defective, is barren or poorly productive, because it cannot supply all the wants of the plant, or cannot do so with sufficient rapidity. The plant may be likened to the bricklayer, and the soil to the laborer—without both mortar and bricks the wall cannot ascend; and unless they are supplied with sufficient quickness, the progress of the work will be necessarily retarded.

So it was explained also why a soil from which none of those substances was wholly absent would grow a plant A, while it refused to grow a plant B. Those different plants might demand lime, or magnesia, or potash, or phosphoric acid, in different proportions. A crop A, which required much potash to bring it to perfection, would not flourish in a soil because it abounded in lime; while a crop B, which demanded much lime, or phosphoric acid, would grow feebly and with slowness where these were scarce, however much soda or potash the soil might contain.

Thus it appeared further why in natural forests successive races of trees, broad and narrow leaved, succeed each other—why on the old pastures and prairies the grasses of one age die out, as races

and families of men do, to be replaced for a time by other species of herbage—and why, in practical husbandry, a rotation of crops is most conducive both to the profit of the farmer, and to the permanent fertility of the land. Of those things of which one crop contains and requires much, another crop contains and therefore requires less. Thus, if we alternate the kind of plants we raise, we shall exhaust the whole soil equably; but continue one kind of crop too long, and the land becomes *sick* of it—that is, it cannot supply with sufficient rapidity or abundance those substances which this crop especially requires.

And now the true action of those saline substances, hitherto called *stimulants*, became more clearly manifest. They no longer appeared to act like wine upon the human body, exciting it to an abnormal or unnatural effort, which was afterwards necessarily succeeded by languor, feebleness, and depression. They were acknowledged really to feed the plant: since they supplied those things out of which its several parts were built up, and without which they could not be satisfactorily completed. And if the soil was less productive in after years, in consequence of the application of these substances, it was because the crop had extracted from the soil more than the manure had given to it. The so-called stimulant supplied potash, or soda, or lime only to the soil, and, getting these readily, the plant grew rapidly; but it gathered out of the soil, at the same time, magnesia, and sulphur, and phosphorus, without which it could not grow. The large crops which were carried off exhausted the soil, therefore, of these latter substances; and unless these were added again, in some form or other, the soil must remain impoverished, and more or less unproductive. If the builder have abundance of stone or bricks, and we give him mortar in addition, his walls and houses will rise rapidly; but the faster they rise, the sooner will his bricks be exhausted; and when this happens, we shall look in vain for an advance in his work, if we continue to supply him with mortar only. Give him a new supply of bricks, however, and he will start afresh. So it is with the soil. The so-called stimulants excite the plants after the same manner as the mortar excites the builder—leave behind a languor or exhaustion of a similar description, to be removed, also, after a similar manner.

Further, it appears that plants must of necessity obtain these saline substances if we desire them to grow; that we must therefore add them to the soil, unless nature kindly interposes in our behalf, and, by some of her happy contrivances, repairs the constant exhaustion. We must also add those particular substances in which our soils are specially deficient—which the crop we wish to raise specially requires to bring it to perfection—or of which the liquid manure we have so long allowed to run to waste, has especially robbed the land.

And here Geology again comes in, at once receiving and giving light in reference to this important branch of agricultural investigation. We have already seen how the geological map tells us of the general characters and composition of soils over large areas—when they rest upon or are derived from rocks of the same kind, or of the same age. This information it gives us, because of certain chemical analyses previously made of the soils and rocks of the different geological formations. But botanists had often remarked, that besides the marked influence of climate on the growth and

dispersion of the vegetable races, the investigation of which had given rise to interesting treatises on the *geographical distribution of plants*, other circumstances also materially affected their choice of a site, or place of growth. It was seen that the *habitat* of a plant depended upon the general character of the soil, as well as upon the general nature of the climate. Whole geological formations were characterized by the luxuriant growth of certain races of plants; while, even in climates known to be favorable to them, other races of plants refused to flourish on the soils, by which these formations were covered. Hence arose the inquiry as to the *geological distribution of plants*. But the reason of this peculiar distribution became apparent, when it was shown, on the one hand, that each race or order of plants had special wants which the soil alone could supply; and, on the other, that each geological formation was covered with a soil more or less special in composition, which could supply one or more of the substances required by plants in larger quantity than it could supply the rest. Hence the seeds of plants, wafted everywhere by the wind, take root, and grow up most luxuriantly where the special wants of each are most easily and fully supplied; and each geological formation at once favors, and is favored by, its own tribes of plants. Thus the plants become to the agriculturist an index both of the general character and of the chemical constitution of the soil; and to the geologist, of the kind of rock from which the soils are derived, and upon which they probably rest; while the botanist is taught where his wild plants are most likely to be found, and where this or that natural family will be unwilling to grow.

We pass over other applications of Geology; but there remains still one important consequence deduced from the analysis of plants, to which a brief attention must be given. Saline substances are necessary to plants. They exist in all their healthy parts. But it had been observed, in practice, that where one substance—such as gypsum, or common salt, or nitrate of soda—when applied alone, failed to produce a good effect upon the crop, a mixture of two or more would remarkably promote its growth. Such facts as these were explained at once, when it became known that the plant required the constituents of all these substances to build up its several parts; and that, if the soil were defective in several of them, you could not hope to render it productive by the addition of only one. But add, in the form of a mixture, a portion of each of those substances of which it could not readily yield a full supply to the growing plant, and the fertility of the soil would be renewed or restored.

These artificial mixtures are safer and surer, as they are nearer also in composition, to those natural mixtures of the farm-yard and to other common manures, so long, so highly, and so deservedly esteemed among practical men. Artificial mixtures, besides, can be especially adapted both to the wants of the soil, as ascertained by direct analysis, and to the special wants of the several crops we wish to raise. Whatever substances the crop A, B, or C, is known to require, these can be mixed together, so as to make them severally grow in any soil; or they can be adapted to the known constitution of a given soil, so as to promote especially the growth of A or B on that kind of soil only.

This doctrine of mixtures has called new arts

into existence, and established new manufactories. Indeed, manures of all kinds, with pretensions of every character, are offered to the uninstructed farmers, by men whose sole object often is the accumulation of money by the establishment of a lucrative trade. This is an evil which can scarcely be avoided in the progress of knowledge. Those who know a little, impose, though not always intentionally, upon those who know less. The sure remedy for such evils will arise of itself, from the more general diffusion of a higher knowledge. In the mean time, those who are likely to suffer—the practical men—should provide themselves with, or should secure access to an authority on whom they can rely, till another generation springs up which may more safely rely upon itself.

Thus far it appears that out of the study of manures there have sprung up long trains of chemical research—throwing light upon old practices—pointing out improvement—suggesting new methods more certain, more economical, or more productive—and giving to the art of culture something of a secure and scientific foundation.

But all these researches could not be carried on without giving rise to speculations, more or less crude, in regard to the food of plants in general, and to those various points in vegetable physiology which are so closely connected with the nature and influence of the principle of life; and with the conditions under which life begins or can continue to manifest itself.

Among these speculators the boldest and most fanciful are Liebig and Dumas. Their works, the titles of which are placed at the head of this article, have had a wide circulation in this and other countries. Between these two writers there are certain points in dispute, both as to fact and as to priority of publication, with which it is not our intention at present to interfere. We shall advert only to one of Liebig's more important speculations, which, though really unsound, has been adopted by many in deference to his opinion, and is likely, in various ways, to exercise a hurtful influence both upon the progress and upon the practice of scientific agriculture.

Plants, as we have seen, consist of two parts, a combustible and an incombustible part. The latter is derived wholly from the soil; and though it is comparatively small in quantity, we have already shown how important it is to the growth and productiveness of the plant. The combustible or organic part forms from ninety to ninety-eight parts of the whole weight of our hay, corn, and root crops. Whence is this organic part of plants derived? We know only two sources from which it can be obtained by the plant—from the soil or from the air—from the one by its roots, from the other by its leaves and young stems. But to which of these sources is the plant most indebted?

The organic part of plants consists of four *elementary* substances, as chemists call them—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Water is composed of two of these—hydrogen and oxygen. This water enters into plants both by their roots and by their leaves, is capable of being decomposed in their interior, and thus may alone be supposed, under favorable conditions, to yield an ample supply of hydrogen and of oxygen to the growing plant. But whence do plants derive their carbon and nitrogen, and in what form do these elements enter into the vegetable circulation?

It is generally agreed that plants drink in from the air, through their leaves, a variable proportion of their carbon, in the form of carbonic acid*—the rest they extract from the soil by their roots. But in what form does the latter portion enter into the roots?

Again, it is believed that the nitrogen of the atmosphere does not enter *directly*, or in its gaseous form, into the circulation of plants in general, either by their roots or by their leaves. But this gas is necessary to their existence. In what form of combination, then, does it enter into plants, and is it by their leaves or by their roots that in this form it chiefly gains admission? On these two points Liebig maintains—

1. That the carbon of plants enters into their circulation *only* in the form of carbonic acid; that the leaves inhale it from the air, and the roots from the soil; and that (neglecting the nitrogen it contains) the chief use of the vegetable matter of the soil is to yield this carbonic acid to the roots.

2. That the nitrogen enters plants only in the form of ammonia;† that this ammonia exists in the atmosphere, and is partly extracted from it by the leaves, and partly washed down by the rains which convey it to the roots.

According to these hypotheses, carbonic acid and ammonia form the sole organic food of plants; and we have only to present these compounds in sufficient abundance, along with the organic substances which they also require, to make plants grow, at our will, with greater or with less rapidity and luxuriance. This theory is simple, is easily intelligible, and has been widely assented to by certain classes of readers. We almost regret that it is not universally true.

To establish his first proposition, Liebig enters into an elaborate argument to show that certain insoluble compounds of the humic and ulmic acids, which are known to exist in the vegetable matter of the soil, cannot enter in such quantity into the roots of plants as materially to augment their substance, or to aid their growth. All that he says on this point may be true, and yet the conclusion to which he jumps, is certainly not warranted by his premises. There are soluble compounds of these acids which are formed in the soil, and soluble compounds of other kinds which contain carbon, which may, and we believe do enter into the roots of plants, and which minister in a variable degree to their substance and their growth. We do not hold, therefore, that plants derive their carbon wholly from carbonic acid, or that the organic matter of the soil yields carbon to their roots in no other form. It is more consistent with experience and with all the scientific evidence we possess upon the subject, that we may, and can, aid the growth of our crops, by putting within the reach of their roots other organic compounds also, of which carbon forms a part.

Again the main, we might say almost the sole, support of the second proposition, in regard to the source of the nitrogen of plants, rests on the fact, that ammonia exists in minute quantity in the atmosphere. This fact we grant, and we grant

* Carbonic acid is the kind of air that escapes from champagne and soda water, when it effervesces. It consists of carbon and oxygen. Atmospheric air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases, with about one two-thousand-five-hundredth of its bulk of this carbonic acid.

† Ammonia consists of nitrogen and hydrogen, and when it enters by the roots or leaves, may yield both of these elements to the growing plant.

also, that it is often brought down in minute quantities in rain water. But we believe also that it exists, and is formed, in the soil, and that one of the functions of the vegetable matter of the soil is to aid in this formation, at the expense of the nitrogen of the atmosphere. We agree that this ammonia enters into plants, and ministers to their growth; but we think, in opposition to Liebig, that the largest proportion of this compound which plants do assimilate, is derived, not from a magazine of it existing in the air, but from stores of it produced in the soil—*which production of it in the soil the skilful husbandman can promote by skilful management of his land.* In addition to what is contained in Mr. Johnston's *Lectures* upon this subject, our readers will turn with profit to Mulder's work;—a work which is, in our opinion, the soundest and safest gift that Chemistry has yet presented to general Physiology. Only part of it is yet before the public, even in the original Dutch. When it comes into our hands in a complete form, we shall be better able to draw the attention of our readers to the novel researches, the profound reasonings, and the beautiful results it contains.

But further, there are almost countless compounds containing nitrogen, which are capable of being dissolved by water. Some of these descend from the air with the falling rain, some exist in the waters of our springs, some in the manures we add to the land, and some are formed during the decay of the vegetable matter in the soil. These enter into the roots, and no doubt supply a variable proportion both of carbon and nitrogen to the growing plant. And lastly, over the whole surface of the globe, wherever animal and vegetable substances are undergoing slow decomposition, there is a constant tendency to the production of nitric acid;* and in the air, whenever the lightning flashes, it is formed in minute quantity from the elements of the air itself. We cannot tell how much of this acid is continually produced in nature, but it must be very great, and it may safely, we think, be regarded, in the general vegetation of the globe, as one of the main forms of combination in which nitrogen enters into the circulation of living plants.

These views in regard to the organic food of plants, are not so simple as those of Liebig; but they are truer to nature, and far more likely to guide the practical man to a wise and profitable culture of his land. If our readers wish so to study this question, as to understand fully the force of the points we have put forward, we recommend them, upon the subject of carbon, to the works of Mulder and Johnston; and, in addition to these, upon the subject of nitrogen, to the publications also of Boussingault and Dumas.

To all the researches and speculations to which we have hitherto alluded, as well as to others which we have no space to notice, the study of manures has either directly or indirectly led. But manures are of chief importance—indeed derive their main interest and value—from their connexion with *arable* culture; and all the above researches may be considered to have reference, almost exclusively, to the improvement of this branch of practical agriculture. But there is another branch of little less importance, in which the quality or constitution, and the economical use

and value, of the produce of the soil, are subjects of interest and of constant inquiry.

Corn and potatoes are direct food for man. Turnips and green herbage are only indirectly convertible to his use. The manufacture of these into such food as he can consume—into beef, mutton, and pork, or into milk, butter, and cheese—gives rise to important branches of rural economy, to which much rural industry is devoted, and a great breadth of land. In these branches, it is as important to convert the raw vegetable material—the turnips and herbage—into the largest quantity of the manufactured article, beef or cheese, as it is, in arable culture, to raise the largest possible amount of grain with the smallest quantity of manure, and with the least injury to the land. Hence arise many questions as vitally affecting this *indirect*, as the doctrine of manures affects the *direct* method of raising human food.

Thus it was observed that one kind of herbage, or corn or root, fattened animals more quickly than another; or aided their growth more; or caused them to yield more milk; or made their milk richer, in butter or in cheese; that, from certain kinds of land, or after some modes of culture, or when raised by the aid of some kinds of manure, the same kind of produce was more nutritive; and that, when given in some states, or under some known conditions, it went further, and was therefore more valuable in the feeding of animals.

How many curious questions are suggested by such observations as the following! Some varieties of wheat are better suited for the pastrycook; others, for the baker of bread. Some samples of barley refuse to *melt* in the hands of the brewer and distiller; and some yield more brandy; while others lay on more fat. The Scottish ploughman refuses bog oats for his *brose-meal*, or for his oat-cake, because they make it tough; and the cotter's family prefer Angus oats for their porridge-meal, because they swell, and become bulky and consistent in the pot, and go further in feeding the children at the same cost. The pea sometimes refuses to boil soft; and potatoes, on some soils and with some manures, persist in growing waxy. If Swedish turnips sell for thirty shillings a ton—as in large towns they often do—yellow turnips will bring only about twenty-five, and white globes, eighteen; while all the varieties cease to *feed well* as soon as a second growth commences.

What is the cause of such differences as these? How do they arise? Can they be controlled? Can we by cultivation remove them? Can we raise produce of this or that quality at our pleasure?

Such questions, constantly arising, have led to extended analyses of the food consumed both by cattle and by man; and from these analyses—still far from being complete—most curious, most interesting, and most practically important results have already been obtained. Let us glance at some of the partial generalizations which have been arrived at, and which may be *provisionally* adopted, by practical men.

We have already seen that all vegetable productions contain from ninety to ninety-eight per cent. of combustible or organic matter. Now, this organic part has been found, in all cases, to contain three different classes of substances:—

First, the *starch* class, which comprehends starch,

* Nitric acid (aqua fortis) consists of nitrogen and oxygen. It exists in nitrate of soda and in saltpetre.

gum, and sugar, and certain other substances of a similar kind.

Second, the *fatty* class, which comprehends solid and liquid oils of various kinds, of which the oils extracted from seeds and nuts are familiar examples.

Third, the *gluten* class, which comprehends the gluten* of wheat, vegetable albumen, vegetable casein, and some other analogous substances, the distinctive characters of which have not as yet been thoroughly investigated.

These several classes of substances are always to be found in sensible quantity in all our cultivated crops; but their proportions vary in different plants, in different parts of the same plant, and in the same part when the plants are grown in different climates, on unlike soils, or by the aid of different manures. Hence the occasional differences in the sensible qualities of the same vegetable, under different circumstances—the waxiness of the potato, the hardness of the pea, and the stubbornness of the barley—become intelligible. The several organic constituents of the grain and root crops are present in unlike proportions, and necessarily give rise to unlike qualities.

But their unlike effects, in the feeding of animals, suggested a further train of investigation. The parts of animals are known to be differently built up, or with different degrees of rapidity and success, by these different varieties of vegetable produce:—of what, then, do the parts of animals themselves consist? The answer to this question throws a new and beautiful light upon our path, clearing up obscure points on the way we have already trodden, and pointing out new tracks, which it will prove interesting hereafter still further to explore.

All animal substances—the flesh, bones, and milk, of all living creatures—consist, like the soil and the plant, of a combustible and an incombustible part. In dry muscle and blood, the incombustible or inorganic part does not exceed two per cent., and in milk evaporated to dryness, seven per cent.; while in dry bone it amounts to about sixty-six per cent. of the whole weight.

The combustible or organic part consists of fibrin—the fibrous part of lean meat is so called—and of fat. And rigorous analysis appears to show, that this fibrin is almost identical in constitution with the pure gluten of wheat; while the fat of some animals at least, is absolutely identical with the fatty oils contained in certain vegetable productions.

The incombustible part, again, consists of soluble saline substances, and of an insoluble earthy matter, the *earth of bones*. These two classes of inorganic substances exist also in the ash of all plants, though in variable proportions. The stems and leaves abound more in soluble saline matter, the seeds in bone-earth and other phosphates.

These things being discovered, the uses of the several constituents of the food became in some degree manifest. The fat of the animal was derived directly from the fat of the vegetables on which it lived—its muscular fibre directly from

* When wheaten flour is made into a dough with water, and this dough is washed with a stream of water upon a sieve, as long as the water passes through milky, a tenacious substance, like bird-lime, remains behind. This is the gluten of wheat. Albumen is the name given by chemists to the white of the egg; and casein, that applied to the curd of milk. Of both of these latter, an appreciable quantity is found in almost every kind of vegetable food.

the gluten of its food—and the salts of its blood, and the earth of its bones, from the inorganic matters contained in the ash of the plants on which it fed. The plant produced the raw materials, the fat and gluten—the bricks and stones as it were—with which the animal, having received them into its stomach, proceeded directly to build up its several parts.

And as the proportion of fatty matter was greater in some vegetables than in others, some kinds of food would enable the animal to lay on more fat, or to produce more butter. Others again, in which gluten abounded, would favor the growth of muscle, or the production of cheese; while those of which the ash was richest in bone-earth, would enlarge and more rapidly increase the bones of growing animals. In so far also as the composition of the food was known to be modified by the soil on which it grew, so far might the fattening or growth of stock be considered as directly dependent upon the quality of the land on which they lived, or were fed; and in so far as the application of this or that manure was known to affect the quantity of gluten or fat in the crop, in so far would it be in our power, by varying our manures, to control the ordinary operations of nature, and to raise varieties of produce, fitted especially for this purpose or for that. These deductions opened up a wide field for experiments, both in the practical raising of varieties of food, and in the practical feeding of stock; upon which many zealous cultivators have already entered, and which, if they cultivate it with perseverance and accuracy, they are sure to cultivate with success.

How beautiful is the connexion thus established between the dead earth, the living plant, and the reasoning animal! The life and growth of the animal are dependent upon what it receives from the plant, those of the plant on what it receives from the soil on which it grows. The plant does not always produce, in equal quantity, those substances which the animal requires. It is dependent upon the nature of the soil, even for the proportion of gluten, or of fat, which it is capable of yielding to the wants of the animal; while the inorganic part of its substance is wholly drawn from the spot of earth on which it happens to be placed. It strikes us at first as a curious circumstance, that all vegetable food should contain bone-earth and common salt in some small proportion, and that useful plants should refuse to grow in a healthy manner where these substances are not present in the soil. But this arrangement appears absolutely beautiful when we learn, that without these substances the animal cannot live. The main purpose served by the vegetable is to feed the animal races. This they could not do, if they did not contain all that animals require to form the several parts of their bodies; their bones and blood, as well as their muscles and their fat. Thus the soil imparts to the plant only what it is the special duty of the plant to impart to the animal. Hence the machinery of life—of life animal, as well as of life vegetable—must equally cease to move, if the soil be deficient in any of its necessary ingredients.

How much, therefore, both of the direct or cropping, and of the indirect or manufacturing branches of rural economy, depends upon the chemistry of the soil!

But another important fact in regard to the composition of vegetables was still unexplained, and in connexion with it another beautiful process or

function of animal life. Vegetable food contains a large proportion of starch or gum, while in the body of the animal these substances are wholly wanting. What becomes of the starch when eaten? Why does it exist so abundantly in plants? What purpose does it serve in the animal economy? Again, all animals breathe. They inhale atmospheric air, containing one two-thousand-five-hundredth part of carbonic acid—and they exhale an air containing from one to four or five hundredth parts of the same gas. In other words, the living animal is constantly discharging carbon into the air, in the form of carbonic acid. Whence is this carbon derived? What part of the food supplies it?

The starch and sugar of the food supply the carbon for respiration. The leaves of plants take in carbon from the air, in the form of carbonic acid, that it may be converted into the starch and other analogous compounds of which their substance consists. The digestive organs of animals undo the work of the leaves, and their lungs return the same carbon to the air, in the same gaseous form of carbonic acid. That which enters the stomach in the form of starch, escapes from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid and watery vapor. Thus, in another way, are animal and vegetable life connected, and again they play as it were into each other's hands. And it is beautiful to consider, that while the plant and the animal appear thus to be working contrary to each other, they are, in reality, producing each what is necessary to the existence of the other, and perform each its allotted part in maintaining the existing balance or stability of things. The round of animal and vegetable life may be regarded as a little episode in the history of nature. The system of the inanimate universe is complete of itself. The dead matter of the globe is comparatively little affected by the existence of life. A small portion of it is, for a time, worked up into vegetable and animal forms, and then returns again to the earth as it was. But what a beauty, though transient, does this poetry of life impart to the face of nature, clothing it with verdure, and peopling it with moving and graceful forms! What a broad field has it afforded for the exercise of the Creator's skill and bounty!

Few persons who have not closely attended to this branch of our subject, can be aware of the many refined practical questions which are both suggested and answered by this study of the composition of the different kinds of food—of the purposes served by their several constituents—and of the dependence of each in quantity upon the soil from which our crops are reaped. All the four classes of substances contained in vegetables appear equally important to the animal. With none of them can it safely dispense. The starch is necessary to supply the wants, so to speak, of the respiration—the gluten to build up the substance of the muscles—the fat to lubricate the joints, to round off the extremities of the bones, to fill up the cellular tissue, and to enable the muscles to play freely among each other—while the saline and earthy constituents of the plant yield the salts of the blood and other animal fluids, and the earthy phosphates and carbonates of the bones.

It is true that, in cases of exigency, pliant nature permits some of these substances to be converted to the natural uses of the other. The starch of the food may be partly employed in the production of animal fat, when fatty substances

are present in too small quantity in the food; while from the fat, and even from the gluten of the food, may be derived the carbon of respiration, when starch, gum, or sugar are eaten less abundantly. But the *economy* of feeding consists in supplying the natural wants of the animal in the most natural form—imposing upon the digestive organs the least possible labor; and in adjusting, besides, the quality of the food, or the proportion of its several constituents, to the special purpose for which the animal is fed. In all these remarks, it will be understood that we refer only to the herbivorous races—those which the farmer rears as instruments or machines for the converting of roots and herbage into palatable food for man.

But animals are kept for another important use besides that of manufacturing food—for the conversion, namely, of straw, roots, and green herbage, into manure for the corn-fields. And here start up new questions. What is the chemical difference between animal and vegetable manures? What change does the grass or straw undergo in passing through the body of the animal? Why is the dung of animals of one kind richer than that of animals of another kind? Why is it of unequal richness in different animals of the same kind, or when fed upon different kinds of food? And if we can explain these things, can we also control them? There is a strictly scientific economy in the manufacture of beef or cheese; can any such economy be established in the manufacture and use of animal manures?

Our space does not permit us even to allude to the extended chemical inquiries, both in the laboratory and in the field, to which these questions have already led, and are still leading. The results of them prove, that on this most practical branch, clear principles are also attainable, and that something of the dignity of science may be imparted even to these more humble labors of the cultivator of the soil.

We have already said, that animal and vegetable life seem to play into each other's hands; that dead and living forms of matter pass incessantly into each other in one unbroken round of change. Could we, in our limited space, follow the decaying plant and animal through all those changes which the subject of animal manures suggests to us—could we trace their course from the time when their several parts either sink into the soil or escape into the air, till they again assume new forms of life—we should not only see more clearly and beautifully still how closely and indissolubly all forms of life and of organized matter are knit together, but be convinced also that the whole adjustment of animal and vegetable being, the necessary connexion of air, soil, plant, and animal, is the conception of *one mind* only, and must be regulated and controlled by *one Almighty and All-bounteous hand*.

But we have stated more than enough to show the importance especially of chemical science to the progress of agriculture—how much it has already done, how much, if properly encouraged, it may yet perform. The numerous trains of research to which we have alluded, have added largely both to our theoretical and to our practical knowledge; and it has become necessary to embody this knowledge in books devoted especially to the subject of scientific agriculture. This has been done in Germany, France, England, Holland, Sweden, and the United States of America, by the

works of which the titles are prefixed to the present article. The number of these works, and the names of their authors, may be regarded as an indication both of the actual advance of our knowledge, and of its value to the art of culture; while the numerous translations, reprints, and editions through which those of Liebig, Mulder, and Johnston have already passed, show how satisfied the agricultural body must be in all parts of the world, as to the importance of possessing and applying that knowledge.

It is of little importance, indeed, that such knowledge is in our possession, unless it be also widely diffused. Information is proverbially slow in spreading itself among the agricultural classes. As a body, they frequent the by-paths and out-fields of society. The rumors that pass along the highways are less frequently heard by them, and the sounds of advancing knowledge often die away before they can reach their secluded ears. Men who know little are also most obstinately wedded to old opinions; and the practices of their forefathers are not easily given up in remote places, where the influence of numbers is unfelt, and where the example and the ridicule of the better informed are equally unknown. Accustomed almost solely to hardy exercise, our rural population also read but little. To them, books of any size are literally dead things. Small seeds of knowledge must be sown among them, if we would see it shoot up and ripen into an ear.

Those who are connected with agriculture are not inferior in natural intelligence to any other class of the community. And yet it is not denied, that both owners and tenants, as a body, possess less of that acquired knowledge which specially relates to the art by which they live, than those who hold the same station in reference to any of our great manufacturing arts. This is to be ascribed to the small value hitherto placed upon any other than practical instruction in reference to agriculture, and to the consequent absence of nearly all public provision for acquiring it. Notwithstanding the acknowledged importance of the art of culture, no regular course of instruction in connexion with it is given in the English or Irish universities. There is indeed a Professor of rural economy at Oxford, but there is no Class, and therefore only occasional lectures. In the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen there are chairs of agriculture; but even in Scotland no provision has yet been made for a *systematic* agricultural education. The Edinburgh Chair is, however, numerously attended, and has the advantage of an illustrative Museum.

Three duties, therefore, appear to be mainly incumbent upon the agricultural branch of our population at the present time:—to promote the diffusion of existing knowledge in reference to the art of culture—to encourage and aid in enlarging the bounds of that knowledge—and to remove every obstacle which may interfere with its application to the improvement of the soil.

How may existing knowledge be best and most effectually diffused? The means adopted must be suited to the several grades, in age and station, to which it is desirable to impart it. The great mass of the agricultural population can only be reached at present through the primary schools—those of the great educational societies in the southern half of the island, and the parish and private schools in the north. For these schools small elementary works must be provided. Mr.

Johnston's *Catechism* for the scientific, and a similar small treatise on the practical part, would suffice for this early instruction. Such school training would not only convey much positive information, likely to be useful in their after life, but would also arm the young against the prejudices of the old, and would familiarize them with those new words and phrases which the grown-up farmers find it so difficult to understand and to recollect. It is a recommendation of this method, that it requires no new machinery to bring it into operation, and that a little preliminary training in the Normal school will fully qualify the teacher for carrying it on. If he be an intelligent man, indeed, the schoolmaster, with the aid of one or two books, may readily become his own instructor; for the experience of the Irish national Normal schools has been, that of all men the schoolmasters are the most easily taught. The eagerness with which the Scottish schoolmasters have already taken up the subject, shows that they are neither less apt to learn, nor less patriotic than their Irish brethren. Among the teachers of elementary schools in England, we have heard of comparatively little movement having yet been made.

As to the boys, there seems now no doubt of the possibility of giving them important agricultural instruction at a very early age, and without at all interfering with the usual course of instruction in our elementary schools. Upon this subject we were not without our doubts, until at a public meeting, where we chanced to be present, upon the subject of agricultural education, held in Glasgow in August last, and presided over by the Lord President of our Supreme Court, we had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Skilling an account of the system of instruction adopted at the national model farm of Glasnevin; in which the Irish commissioners have incorporated agricultural with the more usual branches of elementary instruction; and of witnessing the examination of some very young boys from the national school of Larne, in the county of Antrim. At this meeting our doubts were wholly removed; and we are delighted to learn, that since it was held the influence of numerous proprietors has been successfully exercised in causing agricultural instruction to be introduced into their own parish schools.

But for the grown-up youth some higher instruction ought to be provided. It is not unreasonable to expect that our grammar schools, high schools, and academies should connect some portion of agricultural knowledge with the other branches they have hitherto been accustomed to teach. Yet in the grammar and free schools of England, we fear that no such introduction of new subjects is likely to take place, until they have first found their way into the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of which universities the head masters at least are usually graduates. In Scotland, we believe, there are fewer obstacles to such a measure. In the Scotch universities, a certain amount of natural knowledge is taught to all who graduate in arts—a taste for chemistry is also widely diffused among the people; so that the attempts which have already been made to introduce scientific agriculture into some of the country academies, are likely, we hope, to meet with some encouragement and success. Every country gentleman ought to obtain at school some elementary knowledge upon those subjects which bear so closely upon the improvement of

the land; and it is both the duty and the interest of those in whom the direction of our higher schools is vested, to see that the necessary means for imparting such knowledge are everywhere provided.

It may be doubted, however, whether a full measure of special instruction is to be expected by the sons of our proprietors and larger tenants, in any of our existing schools and colleges. In England and Ireland this opinion has long been gaining ground, and efforts are now making, with a fair prospect of success, for the establishment of agricultural colleges in both kingdoms. The college at Cirencester, now in progress, and which Lord Bathurst has so warmly supported, promises to supply to Gloucester, and the neighboring counties, a complete agricultural education; and other colleges, on a similar scale, will no doubt spring up hereafter in other parts of the kingdom. In Ireland, the project of a national college, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, has been for some time entertained; and in the mean time, the north of Ireland is deriving an almost inappreciable benefit from the silent and unobtrusive, but most efficient labors of the unendowed agricultural school at Templemoyle. In Scotland also, such a college has been projected; and though there is a peculiarity in the educational system of Scotland, which may render such an institution less urgent than in the sister kingdom, it may be doubted if the landed interest could in any way more profitably invest a sum of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, than in the establishment of a special school of learning, which would do so much to develop the latent resources, and thus to increase the market value of the land.

Such higher institutions as these would also, in some measure, provide for the second thing most to be desired on behalf of agriculture—the further elucidation, namely, of all those branches of chemical and other science which bear so closely on the more difficult departments of rural economy. The investigations required for this purpose cannot be prosecuted with sufficient energy by individual means; they must be aided and promoted by those who are to derive the chief benefit from the discoveries to which such investigations are sure to lead. In the laboratory of an agricultural college such trains of research would form part of the usual analytical labors, and the cost of time and money would be defrayed from the general funds of the institution.

And here we should be unpardonable, were we to pass over an association lately formed in Scotland—the Agricultural Chemistry Association—the idea of which, and so far its exertions and promise, come fully up to the demands of the time. It is highly honorable to Scottish agriculture that this association originated with some of its best practical men; since it shows an appreciation of the importance of science to the art of culture, which could scarcely have been expected to have first seriously manifested itself among men of their class.

This association has three specific objects. *First*, to diffuse, by every available means, a knowledge of those applications, especially of chemical science, by which it is believed that the general produce of the soil may be largely increased. For this purpose, the officer of the association has already made numerous tours into the provinces, lecturing to agricultural audiences,

meeting the farmers and proprietors in public, and upon their farms and estates; illustrating the important benefits which science is fitted to confer upon the practical man; and pressing upon all classes of the agricultural community the necessity of applying a more extended knowledge to the culture of the soil, and the pecuniary profit which might be expected thence to result. It is a proof at once of the intelligence of the Scottish farmers, and of their desire for information, that they everywhere come in crowds, and listen with eagerness to these agricultural lectures. Distinct traces, also, of their permanent effects are already discernible in many parts of the country. The farmers have been led to reflect and to read; they have bought useful books, and, in some places, have established small agricultural libraries. Their awakened desire to be made acquainted with the agricultural knowledge of the day, has also led to the establishment of some cheap monthly periodicals, entirely devoted to scientific agriculture; while the demand for some simple means of instructing the young, gave rise to the above-mentioned *Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry*.

Another important movement also has been originated by the members of this association, from which we believe most valuable results will arise. Our agricultural societies, both great and small, have hitherto expended their main force in encouraging the breeders and fatteners of stock; and their great annual festivals have been, as they are called, indeed, mere shows—meetings for amusement rather than for instruction. The culture of the soil derives no direct benefit from these great meetings. The mass of intellect and information which they bring together is allowed to scatter itself again to the winds, without any effort being made to render it serviceable to the common good. How many men come to them rich in acquired knowledge and full of experience!—how many poor in information who would gladly be instructed by them! If it be a local good, that the farmers of a limited district should meet together in clubs, and mutually impart the results of their reading and observation, may not a more general good be expected to follow from the larger meetings of the most skilful men from every part of the kingdom?

The movement to which we have alluded, was made with the view of attaining this good end—of imparting *first* a more intellectual character to these great agricultural meetings, and of gradually establishing independent meetings in different parts of the country, and at different seasons of the year; the proceedings of which should have reference mainly to the culture and amelioration of the soil. With this view, advantage was taken of the late meeting of the Highland Society at Glasgow. Two public breakfasts were held during the week for the discussion of agricultural subjects. These were eminently successful, and, from personal observation, we believe eminently useful. They will, it is believed, be repeated with more form and preparation at Dumfries in August next, and, in the interval, we hope in other parts of the country.

The *second* object of the Agricultural Chemistry Association is to protect the practical farmer, now so much dependent upon portable and artificial manures, from the ignorance, the quackery, and the intentional frauds to which he has hitherto been exposed—to provide him with a chemical authority on which he can rely in cases of doubt,

and to which he can have recourse in all cases of difficulty. For this purpose a chemical officer has been appointed, who has his laboratory and staff of assistants in Edinburgh, and whose duty it is, at a moderate charge, to give advice, and to make analyses at the request of the members. It has been stated, as an evidence of the actual efficiency of this arrangement, that while complaints of the adulteration of manures are constantly heard in all parts of England, only one authenticated case of adulteration has taken place in Scotland since the establishment of the association. If this be true, the moral effect of the chemical check which has been provided seems to be very powerful.

The *third* object of the association is, to aid in enlarging our knowledge in regard to those numerous scientific principles, the fuller development of which is sure to lead to further improvements in rural economy. The same staff of assistants, and the same laboratory, are intended to prosecute this object also. It is to be hoped that the funds of the association may prove large enough to admit of such researches being followed out, as a main object of the institution; for, though they may not appear to be so immediately and sensibly profitable to the members as analyses of soils and manures are seen to be, yet they are really of far higher consequence to the future advancement of the art of culture. Many of the fields of scientific investigation, to which we have adverted in the present article, are as yet barely marked out; and much practical benefit may reasonably be expected to result from the diligent cultivation of them.

But all these steps being taken for the diffusion and extension of agricultural knowledge, are there no obstacles which will prevent or retard its successful application to the general improvement of the soil? If we look at the comparatively neglected and unimproved state of the surface in nearly all retired, little seen, and little visited districts of the island, we shall see reason to believe, that something more than the mere want of knowledge must, in some places at least, stand in the way of a more perfect system of cultivation. Even in more frequented and accessible districts, vast quantities of land present themselves, upon which the first and most elementary of all improvements—the removal of water by drainage—has been scarcely begun. How many have been struck with surprise by the tracts of neglected country laid open by the great North of England Railway in its passage through Yorkshire! How many more will be amazed by the appearance of the country hereafter to be traversed by the Scottish central line of Railway through Lanarkshire and Dumfries! And yet lands which remain in this condition are farmed and owned by men who call for fiscal regulations to protect them from foreign competition. Such demands are entitled to a fair consideration when they are made by those who have done their utmost to make their lands productive; but they come with a bad grace from those who are slow to improve, and who will put forth no energy to help themselves. It is unreasonable in the producer of corn both to refuse to grow it himself, and to prevent the consumer from buying it of those who do.

Much of the improvement that has taken place in Scotland has been ascribed to the leasehold tenure upon which farms are generally held; while the backward state of agriculture in some of the English counties has been attributed to the system of tenancy at will. It is no doubt true

that an interest in the land of some degree of permanence—a kind of fixity of tenure—is necessary to induce a man, nay, to justify him to himself and his family, for expending his capital upon the soil from which he may be summarily ejected. A certain number of years will elapse before a given outlay will be repaid; his tenure of the land, therefore, should be certain for so many years at least, or he cannot prudently invest it in improving his farm. There was a time, no doubt, when the mutual confidence between landlord and tenant was so great—and there may be districts in which it still remains so great—as to render any formal agreement unnecessary. But if anything happen to disturb that confidence, the tenant is always the loser. If the landlord take umbrage, the tenant must quit, and leave his improvements uncompensated behind him; whereas, if the tenant choose to leave at any time, the landlord is nothing the worse. We believe, therefore, that it is just to both parties that farms should be held on lease, and that it would be for the general good of British agriculture if a leasehold tenure universally prevailed.

It is natural that the owner of the land should be averse to the system of leases, in so far as they deprive him for a time of that absolute control over his own land which he would otherwise possess. But this control he surrenders for a certain equivalent in the shape of rent—he cannot expect both to retain this control and to obtain a rack-rent for his farms. If, in addition, political considerations induce him to maintain his full power over his estate, for these he must make a further abatement from his rent-roll. Nominally his income may be as great where this power is retained, as where it is given up; but *ultimately* abatements and defalcations will bring it down to the market value of those privileges only to which the tenants feel themselves to be entitled. It is clearly, therefore, for the pecuniary benefit of the proprietor that a certain permanence of tenure should prevail.

But the tenantry in England are themselves in many districts averse to leases. These bind the tenant as well as the landlord, and they express themselves as unwilling to be bound. But the tenant also sacrifices his liberty for a consideration; and if the chance of making money and of leading a secure and comfortable life, be not greater under the one system than the other, he had better keep himself free. But his main dread arises from the instability of prices, and from the fear of a change in those fiscal regulations which, for the last generation, have been a constant source of vexation and apprehension to the tenant farmer. It were a far happier state of things for this class of men, if they could altogether turn their minds away from such considerations; and direct their whole energies to a more sure and stable means of paying their rents—by increasing the fertility of their land, and by raising from the improved surface the largest possible amount of corn. With these means no fiscal regulations can ever interfere.

The great national evil which flows from a yearly tenancy is this—that the entire burden of permanently improving the soil devolves naturally and of right upon the landlord. The interest of the tenant is to extract as much as he can from the soil year by year, since only for so long is his tenancy secure. It is only from the landlord that the state can demand any present sacrifice for the

purpose of securing a prospective increase of produce on unleased lands.

The owner who improves land so held, has it in his power to increase the rent as soon as its condition is bettered; and this, one would think, should serve as an inducement to the proprietor to expend his money in improvements. But there are several serious obstacles which lie in the way of a sufficiently large expenditure of money, for such a purpose, by this class of the agricultural community.

First, They are comparatively few in number; and as a body, therefore, there are far fewer among them who are familiar with the necessity that exists for a large outlay in improving the soil—under what circumstances it ought to be expended—and what powerful inducements there really are to such an expenditure. We lament the prevailing ignorance among practical men; but were their superiors more generally and thoroughly instructed, a far more rapid progress of improvement might be confidently anticipated.

Then it is further unfortunate, that many of those proprietors who have both the knowledge and the will, possess far more land than the most princely fortune would suffice to improve, within several generations. Where whole counties are to be rendered more fertile through the capital of one individual, employed under his own direction or with his immediate consent and approbation, great good may occasionally be done: but while fashionable and political life present such strong temptations to expenditure for other objects, we cannot hope for that general and progressive development of the resources of the soil, from this quarter, which the present state of the country demands.

Again, a large proportion of the owners of the soil are really without the means, however willing they might be to expend liberally for so important an object. Burdened by settlements and mortgages, many estates are only *nominally* enjoyed by their reputed possessors; who thus derive from their encumbered properties what is barely sufficient to maintain them in the station in which they have been accustomed to move. From this state of things the whole people suffer. No permanent improvement of the soil can be effected by the owner for want of means—none by the tenant for want of encouragement.

And this natural evil, which to a certain extent could scarcely be prevented, is greatly aggravated by the system of Entails. Large tracts of land, in some parts of Scotland, seem to tell the intelligent traveller as he passes through them—here and there showing him, in more favored spots—what they would generally produce if generally improved by a judicious expenditure. And the traveller asks, who is the owner of this or that estate, and why is it thus comparatively neglected? The answer is, that the property is entailed, and the present possessor has no heirs; or that it is entailed on heirs-male, and the possessor has a family of daughters only, for whom it is his duty to save what will form a respectable provision when he is gone. There are few of our readers who are not familiar with some such cases; and there are few counties in the island, of which large portions do not languish in comparative unproductiveness from the operation of the cause now specified.

Nor are the effects of this backwardness or inability of the landlord, confined to those districts in which the tenant-at-will system of holding naturally lays the main burden of improvement on the owners of the soil. Even where leases exist, the want of knowledge, of capital, or of enterprise, on the part of the tenants, not unfrequently calls for the zealous interposition, the willing co-operation, and the enlightened example of the resident landlord. In remote districts of the country, leases alone are not enough; the tenantry must be stimulated by the presence, by the purse, or by the actual trials of the owner; and it is a misfortune to the country when the proprietor is permanently an absentee; or, if he reside on his estate, when he has either no skill to improve, or no capital to expend, by way of example to those who farm his land.

It would be premature, we think, to suggest or to recommend any special, legislative, or other remedy, for the evils to which we have thus slightly now adverted. We have great faith in the universal diffusion of knowledge, and in appeals to the reason and intelligence of instructed men. Out of such diffusion will naturally spring a more extended desire for agricultural improvement, among all those classes which are directly interested in the culture of the soil; and from this again, a wish to remove every obstacle which lies in its way. To diffuse knowledge, therefore, is in our opinion the first object; and we must be content to wait patiently until this all-powerful principle has produced its natural effect.

A CIRCULAR picture, enclosing a beautiful group of the Queen with the infant Prince of Wales asleep on her arm, and holding up her finger to warn the little princess royal not to disturb her baby brother, attracts numbers of gazers in the print-shop windows. Apart from its interest as a faithful resemblance of a portion of the royal family, the merits of the print on the score of art are of the highest kind: it is painted by Edwin Landseer, who is almost as happy in depicting children as he is in delineating animals, and engraved by Samuel Cousins, the first engraver in mezzotint. The likeness of the queen is animated and characteristic: she looks all the wife and the mother. Her domestic aspect will commend this portrait to the choice of the female portion of the community especially. The princess royal appears a sweet little girl; and both children do credit in physical charms to the Brunswick line.

In other ways besides sitting for her portrait, the queen affords employment for artists; and though the commissions do not extend much beyond drawings for the royal album or for presents, still even this moderate encouragement is beneficial—even if the distinction of royal patronage be accounted as a part of the remuneration. Nor is this confined to artists of celebrity: whenever talent worthy of recognition is brought under the notice of the queen or the prince, it is sure to be appreciated; and it is not the price paid, but the countenance shown, that is the most valuable part of royal patronage. Instead of lavishing thousands upon one or two favored and flourishing artists, the queen distributes the sum she devotes to this source of enjoyment among many, including some to whom such honor is most valuable.

From the Athenæum.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By C. WILKES, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition, M. A. Ph. S., &c. 5 vols.

[Second Notice.]

It is pleasing to see that America is alive to the responsibility which accompanies her privileges, and is preparing to take her stand among the nations, on the score of intelligence and scientific enterprise. Such is the spirit with which the expedition, now under review, has been undertaken; although its primary object is stated to have been the promotion of the great interests of commerce and navigation, yet its conductors were explicitly instructed to "take all occasions, not incompatible with the great purpose of their undertaking, to extend the bounds of science, and promote the acquisition of knowledge." Some of its specific objects are also given in the following instructions:—

"The hydrography and geography of the various seas and countries you may visit in the route pointed out to you in the preceding instructions, will occupy your special attention; and all the researches connected with them, as well as with astronomy, terrestrial magnetism, and meteorology, are confided exclusively to the officers of the navy, on whose zeal and talents the Department confidently relies for such results as will enable future navigators to pass over the track traversed by your vessels, without fear and without danger. No special directions are thought necessary in regard to the mode of conducting the scientific researches and experiments which you are enjoined to prosecute, nor is it intended to limit the members of the corps each to his own particular service. All are expected to coöperate harmoniously in those kindred pursuits, whose equal dignity and usefulness should ensure equal ardor and industry in extending their bounds and verifying their principles. As guides to yourself and to the scientific corps, the Department would, however, direct your particular attention to the learned and comprehensive reports of a committee of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, the report of a committee of the East India Marine Society of Salem, Massachusetts; and to a communication from the Naval Lyceum of New York, which accompany, and are to be regarded as forming a part of these instructions, so far as they may accord with the primary objects of the Expedition, and its present organization. You will, therefore, allow the gentlemen of the scientific corps the free perusal of these valuable documents, and permit them to copy such portions as they may think proper."

There is much in what was witnessed by our explorers calculated to read a moral lesson to the United States. In illustration, we may quote the description of the present condition of Lima, and the country round about. Revolution having stopped progress, all had receded to a state of chaos:—

"On the road to Lima is Bella Vista; but it is in ruins, and has been so ever since the revolution. It was generally the outpost or battle-ground of the two parties, and although the soil in the plain which borders the sea is extremely fertile, consisting of decomposed rock, containing the elements of fertility in the greatest abundance, it now appears a neglected waste. Attention to its cul-

tivation and irrigation would make it a perfect garden. On approaching Lima, the gardens and fields are found to be cultivated and well irrigated. Fields of Indian corn are seen, some fully ripe, some half-grown, and others just shooting up—a novel sight to us. This bears testimony not only to the fineness of the climate, but to the fertility of the soil. The gardens near the city are filled to profusion with fruits of all descriptions. The road, on its near approach to the city, forms an avenue of about a mile in length. This, in its prosperous days, was the usual evening drive, and afforded a most agreeable one. On each side are gardens filled with orange trees, the fragrance of whose flowers, and the beauty and variety of the fruit, added to its pleasures. It is now going to decay from utter neglect. Its rows of willows, and the streams of running water on each side, though forming its great attraction, will, if suffered to remain without attention, be completely destroyed. No one seems to take interest in the public works. So marked a difference from Chili could not but be observed. At Lima I was struck with the change that had taken place since my former visit. Everything now betokens poverty and decay; a sad change from its former splendor and wealth. This appearance was observed not only in the city, but also among the inhabitants. Whole families have been swept off, and their former attendants, or strangers, have become the possessors of their houses and property. The country has been a scene of commotion and revolution for the last twenty-five years, of which Lima for a long time was the centre. The neglected walls and ruined tenements, the want of stir and life among the people, are sad evidences of this decay. The population is now said to be about forty-five thousand, although in former times it has been supposed to amount to as many as sixty-five or seventy thousand. The aspect of the city, especially a bird's-eye view from the neighboring hills, gives to the eye of the stranger the appearance of ruins. There are few buildings that have the look of durability, and no new ones have been put up for the last forty years. The plan of the city combines more advantage than any other that could have been adopted for the locality. The streets are at right angles, and all sufficiently broad. Those which run with the declivity of the ground, northwest and southeast, have water flowing through their middle. They have not, however, a very clean appearance; but this is certainly not to be imputed to the want of the facility of being made so. The uses to which these streams are put, and the numerous buzzards that frequent them, gives the stranger any other idea than that of cleanliness. The buzzards are protected by law, and may be seen fighting for their food in the gutters, regardless of passers; or sitting on the tops of the houses, thirty or forty in a row, watching for more food. Great attention has been paid to laying out the Alameda, which is on the north side of the city. Its centre is ornamented with a number of fountains; its walks are well shaded on each side with trees; and the running water adds to its freshness: all unite to form a delightful promenade. In the cool of the evening it is much frequented, and its stone seats are occupied by numbers of citizens. This is the best place to get a view of the inhabitants; and notwithstanding their internal commotions, they appear fully to enjoy their cigaritas, which they are constantly smoking."

We cannot refrain a smile at the following little adventure:—

"On the 22d they determined to remain at Baños. At an early hour in the morning they found the village deserted, and it appeared on inquiry that all the inhabitants had gone abroad to tend their herds. For the purpose of taking as wide a range as possible in search of the plants, our gentlemen separated, some going up while others descended: they all met with great success in their botanical researches. Dr. Pickering attempted the ascent of one of the summits; by noon he had reached a high elevation, and looking up, he espied a huge condor soaring down the valley. He stopped to observe the majestic bird, as it sailed slowly along. To his surprise, it took a turn around him, then a second and a third, the last time drawing so near that he began to apprehend it meditated an attack. He describes himself as being in the worst possible condition for a fight, his strength being exhausted by climbing, and his right hand having been lamed for some days from a hurt. The nature of the ground, too, was anything but favorable for defence; but there was nothing left but to prepare for a fight, and with this intent he took a seat and drew his knife. At the instant, as if intimidated by the sight of the weapon, the bird whirled off in a different direction. Dr. Pickering confessed, however humiliating the acknowledgment, that he was at the time very well satisfied with the condor's determination to let him alone. Condors are numerous here, and many stories are related of their attacks upon animals; but this was a more decided manifestation of a disposition to assail the human race than any we heard of."

The locality, however, was not without its hospitalities. Take an instance or two:—

"Dr. Pickering was enabled to reach the ridge that bounded the valley, but there were many higher beyond. The view thence was magnificent, overlooking to the west eight distinct ridges between him and the sea, which was scarcely defined enough to be made out with any certainty. He descended by the same route again to the village. The alcalde, discovering that one of the party (Mr. Agate) was an artist, became extremely anxious that he should make a sketch of his father-in-law, an old revolutionary soldier, who resided there. As the son-in-law had been so attentive, and offered them so many civilities, among others the loan of a silver dish, spoon, and fork, he could do no less than gratify these wishes. For this purpose the old man dressed himself in his uniform. The task of sitting was almost too much for him, and he was nearly overcome with the excitement and exertion. The old man was greatly delighted with the picture, as were all those about him, except the son-in-law, who expressed great dissatisfaction that it should be without legs—it being only a half-length—and offered a large price to have them put on; but time did not admit of it. The sketch was given to him, which has placed it out of my power to present it to the eye of the reader in a wood-cut. Mr. Agate's first effort was deemed so successful that his reputation was at once established at Baños, and shortly afterwards he was called upon by the sacristan to engage him to paint the four Evangelists for the church. Price was no object, provided he could do it, and they would besides consider it as a great favor. Some of the bystanders proposed to have the constable painted, and pointed to a strapping big negro. The houses literally contained no furniture, and

the silver lent to our party was believed to constitute the only valuables in the place. The only articles besides that were seen, were some roughly-made wooden spoons, earthen dishes, and water-jugs, a few boards made into a rough table, with a stool or two, and a bedstead made of canes and plastered with clay. In no part of the United States, whether in the cabins of the Far West, or in the poorest suburbs of our eastern cities, are persons to be seen living in such a miserable manner. The country-people of Peru, notwithstanding they are surrounded with everything to make them comfortable, want the knowledge and industry to use the advantages nature has given them."

We now enter on a new field of observation. The examination of the Paumotu group having been recommended to the expedition by Amiral Krusenstern, the ships steered for the island of Minerva, or Clermont de Tonnerre, one of the most eastern of that "Cloud of Islands," as the name implies:—

"I saw some natives, five men and two women, and endeavored to hold communication with them. The former were armed with long spears. They were cautiously watching our movements; and after the boats had left, they were seen examining the beach for articles that might have been dropped. Every inducement was held out to them to approach my boat, but without success; and we were obliged to return on board for the night, not having succeeded in finishing the survey. Wishing to communicate with the natives, and effect a landing, we lay-to, and by morning found that we had drifted off from the island eight miles to the north-west, and did not again reach our station until towards the afternoon. I then proceeded to the beach, taking with me as interpreter, John Sac, a New Zealander, who spoke the Tahitian language, determined, if possible, to enter into communication with the natives, and to land to make observations. Seventeen natives were now seen on the beach, armed with long spears and clubs, which they were brandishing with menacing attitudes, making motions for me to retire. As I approached them with a white flag flying, many more were seen in the bushes, probably in all about one hundred. I told John Sac to speak to them, which he did, and found he was understood. The only answer he could get from them was, several of them crying out at the same time, 'Go to your own land; this belongs to us, and we do not want to have anything to do with you.' It was impossible to beach the boat without injury, on account of the surf and coral; and in order to land, it was necessary to swim a short distance, which could not be done without our being attacked, and suffering injury, before we had established a friendly intercourse. I therefore had recourse to throwing presents to them—all of which they eagerly took—assuring them that we were friends; but they still continued warning us off, and threatening us with their long spears. I am rather inclined now to think our interpreter was partly the cause of my not succeeding in overcoming their fears and scruples. John Sac was truly a savage, although he had imbibed some feelings of a discipline, and was generally a well-disposed fellow. He was a petty New Zealand chief at the Bay of Islands, and had resided some time at Tahiti, where he said he was married. At times it was difficult to control John's movements. On this occasion he soon became provoked at the chief's obstinacy; and the idea of their receiving

all our presents so greedily without even thanks in return, excited his native fire; his eyes shone fiercely, and his whole frame seemed agitated. Half naked as he was, his tattooing conspicuous, he stood in the bow of the boat brandishing his boat-hook like a spear with the dexterity of a savage. It was difficult to recognize the sailor in the fierce majestic-looking warrior before us. The chief and John kept passing words until both were becoming vociferous, the one appearing as savage as the other. John's animated attitudes and gestures were the admiration of all. As we could not understand him, he may have said many things to irritate the savage chief before he could be silenced, although he afterwards declared his innocence in that respect. I had been engaged for upwards of an hour endeavoring to overcome their fears, when I was joined by several boats from the other vessels. The officers, being anxious to have communication with the natives, were desirous of landing, and I readily gave them permission to do so without arms. They passed a short distance from us, hoping to effect their purpose without opposition, but the natives separated, in order to oppose any landing. One or two officers swam through the surf without arms, and were boldly set upon by three of the natives, when they made a hurried retreat. This evidently gave the natives confidence, and their conduct became more violent. Mr. Couthouy requested permission to land with presents, under the protection of the boat, to which I consented. He swam on shore, pausing now and then, for the purpose of showing the trinkets. The chief motioned him away, but he landed on the rocks. The chief, retiring, appeared as if somewhat alarmed, while Mr. Couthouy advanced towards him, holding out the presents. On being joined by another native, the chief stopped, raised his spear, and with a shout and distortion of countenance, made a pass at Mr. Couthouy, who at once dropped looking-glasses, trinkets, &c., at his feet, and quickly made for the boat. The savage took no notice of the relinquished offerings, but advanced to attack him with his spear. When he had reached the edge of the surf, the chief made another thrust at him, but fortunately without injury. This precipitate retreat gave them still more confidence; they now began throwing pieces of coral, numbers of which struck the men in my boat. I felt no disposition to do them harm, and yet I had no idea of letting them see and feel that they had driven us off without landing, well knowing, however, if a forcible landing took place, and they made resistance, that injury would befall one side, and probably both. I, therefore, thinking that they had no idea of fire-arms, ordered several blank cartridges to be fired; but they took no notice of them. According to John Sac, they hooted at these arms, calling us cowards, and daring us to come on shore. I then fired a small charge of mustard-seed shot at their legs, which did not produce any effect. Then, Mr. Peale, who was near by me, was requested to draw his ball, and load with mustard-seed, which he did; and Lieutenant North likewise fired, which caused the chief and all the rest to retreat, rubbing their legs. The officers were now permitted to land, under strict injunctions, in order to avoid all contact with the natives, not to leave the beach. So much time had been lost before I could get the instruments safely on shore, that I found it too late to make the observations I desired. The natives

whom we saw, appeared a fine athletic race, much above the ordinary size. Their color was darker than that of our Indians, but their features resembled them. No tattooing was observed on the men, and the women were not seen close enough to distinguish them. The hair of the former was long, black, and straight. The chiefs had theirs drawn back, and tied in a knot behind; the others had theirs hanging loose. They wore a small maro made of leaves, and the chiefs a pandanus-leaf around their necks, probably to distinguish their rank. The women wore a piece of tapa as a petticoat; they were not oiled, and the heads of some seemed filled with ashes or lime. They spoke and understood the Tahitian dialect. The only information obtained from them was, that vessels had before been there, but had gone away without landing. Immediately on their being driven from the beach, a large column of smoke was seen, no doubt a signal to the other inhabitants of the island. After being on the reef half an hour, we joined our boats, and returned on board near sunset. One canoe was reported, the next morning, as having been seen from the Peacock. The number of inhabitants that we saw certainly did not exceed one hundred and twenty."

Similar descriptions are given of other islets and their inhabitants, such as Wytoohoo, Otooohoo, Raraka, Aratica, and the Arutua or Rurick islands; the account of this archipelago is, of course, imperfect; the whole number of coral islands being sixty-five.

"On the 19th of August we made Henuake, Honden, or Dog Island, and came up with it about noon. The boats were at once despatched, in order to ascertain if a landing could be effected, and the ships began the surveying operations. The surf was found very heavy on the beach, but the boats notwithstanding succeeded in landing. The number of birds seen hovering over the island was an indication that it was not inhabited, which proved to be the case. Several turtles were caught, and a number of specimens obtained. The survey of the island not having been completed, I lay by all night, and early in the morning despatched boats to complete the examination of it, and to effect a landing. The greatest part of the day was spent on the island. Near the place where we landed, there has been a channel to the small lagoon in the centre of the island, and there is another of a similar character on the opposite side. They were both dry, and the sea-water can only communicate with the lagoon at very high tides. From our observations of the day, the usual neap tide is three and a half feet, and it would give high water at full and change of the moon, at 2 p. m. There are many blocks of compact coral, just at high-water mark, quite black on the outside, but on fracture they showed the white coral. The white coral shelf over which the sea flows at high water was two hundred feet broad, the low water falling two feet below its surface; it is quite level, but there are many holes and large longitudinal cracks in it. On this lies the compact coral above spoken of, extending beneath the coral sand. It is about ten or twelve feet wide. The coral-sand beach above the compact layer has eight feet perpendicular rise, and lies at an angle of 47°. On the top of this are small pieces of coral, which have been thrown up by the sea, around the roots of trees and shrubs, growing to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet. We found the water in the

lagoon quite salt, and very warm. Its bottom for a long distance was filled with a fine deposit of calcareous mud, about six inches in depth. The water had apparently evaporated from the lagoon, and to the taste was much saltier than the ocean. Purslane (*portulaca*) was found growing in a thrifty state in this deposit. Where the lagoon was deeper, some fine specimens of corals were observed and obtained. No traces of inhabitants were perceived on this island. The state of nature in which the birds were found, and other indications, gave proof that it had not been inhabited, at least for some time. There were a great many sharks, both in the lagoon and outside, which were so ravenous that they bit at the oars. It was by no means pleasant to have to swim through the surf to the boat with these dangerous animals so numerous around us. The landing on a coral island effectually does away with all preconceived notions of its beauty, and any previous ideas formed in its favor are immediately put to flight. That verdure which seemed from a distant view to carpet the whole island, was in reality but a few patches of wiry grass, obstructing the walking, and offering neither fruit nor flowers to view; it grew among the rugged coral debris, with a little sand and vegetable earth. The principal trees and shrubs are the *Pandanus*, *Boerhaavia*, and *Pisonia*. It is somewhat surprising that a few trees forty or fifty feet high should have found sufficient soil to protect their growth. Most of the trees, however, are of stunted size, being not more than ten to fifteen feet in height, and eighteen inches in diameter. Van Schouten and Le Maire visited this island, 10th April, 1616, some two hundred years before, and it was even then clothed with vegetation. If their description is an accurate one, the island appears now to be rather higher, as they report 'from what they could judge, the greater part of the island is overflowed at high water;' this is certainly not the case now. The centre of the island is in latitude $14^{\circ} 55' 40''$ S., longitude $138^{\circ} 47' 36''$ W. The number of birds on the island was incredible, and they were so tame as to require to be pushed off their nests to get their eggs. The most conspicuous among them was the frigate-bird (*Tachypetis aquilus*); many of the trees were covered with their nests, constructed of a few sticks. The old birds were seen, as they flew off, inflating their blood-red pouches to the size of a child's head, and looking as if a large bladder were attached to their necks. The gannets, sooty terns, and the beautiful tropic-bird, were in countless numbers; the former guarding their eggs (which were laid on the ground without a nest) with care, remaining by them, and even suffering themselves to be captured without resistance. Their hoarse croaking was quite deafening. Some droll sights were seen of crabs walking off with snakes, and both again seized by some stout bird and borne away. Armies of soldier or piratical crabs (*Paguri*) were seen moving in all directions with their shells. We enjoyed ourselves much, and found no use for our guns, powder, and shot; as many specimens as we could desire were taken with the hand, both old and young. In some cases the tropic-birds were taken off their nests, and from others their eggs were taken without disturbing them; indeed, I have never seen any barn-yard fowls half so tame. The various snakes, the many-colored fish, the great eels, enormous and voracious sharks, shells, large molluscs, spiders, with the curious lepidoptera,

seemed to have quiet possession, their webs stretching in every direction, and occasioning us much annoyance: all gave a novelty to the scene, that highly interested and delighted us. In the afternoon we returned on board, loaded with specimens; and the survey being completed, we bore away on our course. There are no coconut palms on the island, as has been reported by Captain Fitzroy, in his voyage; nor is there any fresh water to be found. Some of our gentlemen saw on the beach some broken oars and remains of a boat, but nothing could be identified. *Pandanus* trees exist on the south side."

As the explorers approached Wytoohee, many canoes came off to the ship; voices were heard at some distance, and, as they drew near, the clamor increased, accompanied with much laughing, and many gesticulations; but none of the natives could be induced to come on board, or part with anything but some pieces of old matting:—

"An attempt was made to get some of their paddles, but they rather ridiculed the idea of parting with them. The canoes were quite small, being only from twelve to fifteen feet long. They generally contained two and sometimes three natives. Each canoe had an out-rigger, and a projecting point, both before and behind, by which they get into them from the water. They are formed of strips of cocoa-nut wood sewed together. Two persons can carry them. Their paddles were curved backwards. In order to dispel their fears, articles were given them gratuitously, and by way of showing their gratitude, they began a monotonous song or chaunt. They would occasionally stop, look up, and return the laugh of the crew by a grin; apparently enjoying the sport as much as any of them. These natives are peculiar, and appeared totally distinct from any others we met with in this group, having strong wiry beards and mustaches, and a different physiognomy. I sent one of the boats to the shore, with the interpreter, under Lieutenant Case, but they refused to allow them to land. No actual violence was attempted, but Lieutenant Case reported the impracticability of landing without opposition, and injury to themselves and natives. They received several presents, but they had no fruit to give in return, as their cocoa-nuts were tabooed. They gave, in exchange, some articles, consisting of cloth, fish-hooks, adzes, and pearl-shells. Among the articles seen in their possession, was a fine silk pocket handkerchief, showing that they had had communication not long since with vessels. They refused to part with their spears or clubs. Their adzes were rudely made, but ground very sharp; they were formed of the tridachna or cassis shell, lashed on a handle somewhat resembling our adze-handles. Knives were also observed in their possession. * * Wytoohee is formed of islets connected by a washed coral reef, of irregular shape, with a lagoon having many knolls in it, of various sizes, some four or five feet above the surface. The south-east portion is the largest and most thickly wooded, and contains the greatest number of inhabitants. After the surveying duties were over, we found ourselves at the north-west point of the island. The natives who had refused to allow us to land, were now seen waving green boughs, which is the general sign of good-will, and a desire to have communication, and many were seen dancing on the beach, with their spears in their hands. I gave orders to send the boats to

the shore, but on reaching it we found them still averse to our landing; they, however, assisted Mr. Couthouy through the surf to the beach; but when he had reached it, they surrounded him, and led him back very gently to the water, making him distinctly understand that they would not permit him to visit their huts. They were extremely desirous of obtaining buttons, pieces of iron, and cloth. We gave them several small articles, but they could not be persuaded to part with their spears and clubs. The chief, who was a very old man, was seen lying under a Pandanus tree, close to the beach, and on being told I wished to see him, and make him a present, he arose; his hair was quite gray, and he had a long and stiff white beard; his legs were enlarged with the elephantiasis, the swelling being of a white color, and so large and regular that many thought he had on sailor's trousers. About twenty natives were with him on the beach. After being shown the presents I had for him, he was induced to wade into the water up to his neck to receive them. On coming alongside the boat, he seemed somewhat uneasy, until he had gone through the ceremony of rubbing noses, which I must confess was anything but agreeable with so dirty and diseased a person. He was extremely anxious to get hold of the presents, and amused us by at once plunging them under the water, seeming in no manner concerned about keeping them dry. He was all the while making a noise like the purring of a cat. In return for my presents, he at once offered me the short mantle of matting which he had over his shoulders. They understood the Tahitian language. The chief gave his name as Korokoa, and the name of the island as Wytoohee. He appeared about sixty years of age, and his teeth were all sound and good. His brother was the priest, to whom I also gave some presents. This man had a very remarkable head, the forehead being very high, and narrow almost to deformity, with a dark and suspicious bright eye. His hands were deformed, being destitute of joints, and the lower part bent at right angles. The son of the chief was a remarkable fine-looking lad of fifteen. We saw no women, as they had all been hid. The color of these natives was much darker than those seen before; in some the hair was inclined to frizzle, and the beard curly. All the grown men that I saw had mustaches; their features were strongly marked with a good-humored expression of countenance; they wore the maro, and some had a few feathers in their hair. The boats of the Peacock succeeded in landing on the east side of the island, where the coral reef shelves at about an angle of 10°, and having the wind blowing obliquely on it, there is comparatively little surf. Some half a dozen natives were here seen; an officer approached them, making signs of friendship, which they returned. At first they seemed quite timid, meeting the advances made in a manner which showed that they were anxious to propitiate us, but still fearful. They were reassured of our good-will by offering them some small presents, when two old men came forward, holding their arms upright above their heads, with their hands open, and became desirous of shaking hands, and even offered to rub noses. Each was armed with a stick (for it could not be called a spear) six or seven feet long: on some of them were fastened the jaws of the porpoise. They appeared to be greatly astonished, and their looks bespoke amazement, at our appearance. Occasionally, as if to

satisfy themselves of the reality, they would put their hands on us. On receiving a few trifling presents, they broke forth into the same song or chaunt that was heard on their first coming towards the ship. The younger ones were the first to show confidence, and were much disposed to laugh and joke with the men; and some of the officers thought they recognized those who had been in the canoes the day before. On our gentlemen requesting to go to their huts, they seemed to be thrown into a kind of stupid wonderment, but on being assured they had nothing to fear, their countenances brightened up, and they led the way through the wood to an open space, surrounded by pandanus and cocoa-nut trees. These natives had evidently had communication with vessels, but I very much doubt if any had landed before. They did not appear at all alarmed at the firing of guns, but were much surprised to see the birds killed, holding up their hands, and making ejaculations. They had no idea of the principles of barter, and allowed anything to be taken without opposition, receiving any articles in return with gratitude and delight. Iron was prized more than any other thing. On reaching the huts, inquiry was made of them for their women, when a general burst of laughter ensued, and they gave us to understand, that they had penetrated our motive for visiting their island—'That as we inhabited an island without any women, we wanted to have some.' Nothing more was said to them on the subject. They accompanied us to the boats, and at parting went through the same ceremonies of rubbing noses, shaking hands, and raising their arms with the palms towards us. According to the estimate I made of the inhabitants, the number was about ninety. From the great age of the chiefs, and the absence of wounded or scarred individuals, I should conclude they lived in peace. They, however, gave their neighbors on the small island to the west (which they call Otooho) a very bad name. Water in small quantities is to be had on the eastern section of the island, and a little biche-de-mar might be taken on the reefs. A small rat was very troublesome to the natives. This island has stone cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and pandanus trees; the pisonia, tournefortia, and the shrubs that are common to the low islands, also grow upon it. The huts of the natives scarcely deserve the name; they are merely four or five poles, with both ends stuck in the ground, forming an arch on which strips are tied, and over these the leaves of the cocoa-nut, mats, and grass, are laid. They are about six or eight feet long, four feet high, and about five feet wide, barely sufficient to keep out the sun, and entirely useless as a protection from rain. Their utensils are small, and seemed ill adapted to their use. Their baskets were suspended from the tops of their huts and from trees. The natives seemed destitute of tapa. No anchor-age was found at this island."

Record is also made of the discovery of new islands—namely, King's Island, so denominated after the man at the mast-head who first discovered it; Tai-a-ra, situated to the northward and westward and nigh to Raraka, which was not laid down on any charts; and Kawahe. The two last were so named by a native of Raraka, a place which seems through the influence of a missionary to be half-civilized. Aurora Island also from the same cause is in a similar condition, the natives of which crowded round the door of the chief's hut to look at our travellers:—

"They were a fine-looking race, though forming rather a motley group. The manner of carrying their children particularly attracted our notice; it had a pleasing effect. We found it afterwards practised throughout Polynesia. Many questions were put to me, and now and then I could hear a voice saying, 'Me ship, captain; me go Tahiti.' All were more or less clothed in the cast-off garments of whites, and not very particular whether they possessed one, two, or parts of garments, as long as it appeared different from their own tapa, and of foreign fashion. This appeared more ridiculous, for on our first landing few were to be seen except in their native dresses, but shortly afterwards one might have believed the contents of all the old clothes shops of one of our cities had been distributed among them: storm pea-jackets, light summer pantaloons, vests, capes or overcoats, bell-crowned hats, checked and red flannel shirts, most of which were torn or worn threadbare in many places; whilst the women had bedecked themselves with cocoa-nut oil and turmeric, giving them a bright orange cast. Their heads were adorned with flowers, and they evidently considered themselves in their holiday attire. They had an abundance of pigs and poultry. The rich soil on the upper and interior part of the island produced taro, (*arum esculentum*,) sweet-potatoes, (*convolvulus batatas*,) melons, yams, and some tobacco, while the bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts were hanging in clusters over their dwellings. They had also an abundance of crabs and fish; on our landing we found them devouring the latter, with great gusto, raw, but the former they roasted. Here we again saw printed copies of several portions of the Scriptures, and found that many of them could read and write well. No spears, clubs, or warlike instruments were to be seen, and when I asked for them as matters of curiosity, they said they had no arms except two muskets, which were pointed out to me, hanging up under the eaves of the house. The native missionary, a man about fifty years of age, told me that in times past they had 'all war,' but now all was peace. I was desirous of knowing to what he imputed the change, and he very readily answered, 'Mittion-ari, mai-tai, mai-tai,' (missionary, good, good.) They acknowledged the authority of Pomare of Tahiti."

The most thickly peopled spot of the whole group is Anaa, or Chain Island, though one of the smallest, and is estimated to contain 5,000 inhabitants. The whole island is one cocoa-nut grove, and the principal food is fish and cocoa-nuts. The curious and novel information presented in the latter part of this introductory volume induces us to anticipate the appearance of its successors with considerable interest.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

SLAVERY.

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE MISERIES OF THE ENGLISH POOR.

BY A PHILANTHROPIST.

WHOEVER is unprepared to cast aside not only his prejudices, but many of what may be considered well-formed opinions, had better not attempt to peruse the following few pages. I must demand of my reader that he come to the perusal, the *beau ideal* of a jurymen. No information that he has gained elsewhere, no feelings that he has

cherished as virtues, no sentiments that he has cultivated as noble, and no opinions that he may have formed as infallible, must interfere with his purely and simply receiving the following arguments on their own cogency and truth alone.

The writer considers he has made a great discovery in moral and political science; and elevated by his subject above all personal influences, he commits it to be worked out by others, without the ostentation of recording his name, or deeming that the applause of present or of future generations can add to his sublime delight, in discovering and applying a "panacea" to the varied and bitter ills that beset three fourths of the poor inhabitants of "The United Kingdom."

As some account of the means by which a great discovery has been arrived at is necessary, in order to prepare the mind for its reception with due respect, I shall give a brief outline of the process by which this all-important truth was elicited.

Born with natural sensibilities, I early learnt to shrink from pain endured by others, as if felt actually and bodily by myself. Thus constituted, what a scene was displayed to me when I came into the great and moving society of mankind! What mighty heaps of misery did I discern! What details did the records of the various courts of justice disclose! What regions of squalor, misery, and degradation did my travels reveal to me in every city, and even hamlet, I visited! The bent of my future avocations was soon fixed, and I became a philanthropist by profession. Not to make a trade of it at monster meetings, or fancy fairs, but as a pursuit to which I felt myself called by a spiritual voice, as distinct, I should say, as that which ever called a theologian from a curacy of fifty pounds a year to a bishopric of twenty thousand.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the horrors I have witnessed in the regions of poverty. It is said that the eras of pestilence and famine are passed, but so will not those say who have visited the dwellings of the operatives of our great manufacturing towns, when the markets are glutted, and the mills and manufactories are closed. Pestilence still rages fiercely as ever, in the form of typhus, engendered by want. In the mission I have called myself to, I have stood upon the mud floor, over the corpse of the mother and the newborn child—both the victims of want. I have seen a man (God's image) stretched on straw, wrapped only in a mat, resign his breath, from starvation, in the prime of age. I have entered, on a sultry summer's night, a small house, situate on the banks of a common sewer, wherein one hundred and twenty-seven human beings, of both sexes and all ages, were indiscriminately crowded. I have been in the pestilential hovels of our great manufacturing cities, where life was corrupted in every possible mode, from the malaria of the sewer to the poison of the gin-bottle. I have been in sheds of the peasant, worse than the hovel of the Russian, where eight squalid, dirty, boorish creatures were to be kept alive by eight shillings per week, irregularly paid. I have seen the humanities of life desecrated in every way. I have seen the father snatch the bread from his child, and the mother offer the gin-bottle for the breast. I have seen, too, generous sacrifices and tender considerations, to which the boasted chivalries of Sydney and Edward were childish ostentation. I have found wrong so exalted, and right so debased—I have seen and known of so much

misery, that the faith in good has shivered within me.

For a time, when I urged these things in the circles of the comfortable, I received many various replies. By some it was said that it was the lot of humanity—that it had always been so, and, therefore, always must. That to enlarge on the evil was only to create discontent, and so injure “the better classes.” It was in vain I urged to these reasoners that for hundreds, and, perhaps, thousands of years, creatures little better than Calibans infested the morasses and forests of Europe. That civilization had an onward progress, and that the history of the world proved the one great truth—that man is the creature of circumstances. By some the evils were denied; by some few deplored. By all, the discussion was avoided; though the destruction that menaced the Roman empire from the invasion of the barbarian world was never so imminent, nor could the consequence be so dreadful, as that which the wealthy, and civilization itself, would sustain from the insurrection of outraged poverty.

I next tried the politicians. I devoted some years to history and political economy. I even entered the senate. In politics I found no means of relief. The struggle there was for the preponderance in power, and the reply, “Help us to get into power, and then we will see what we can do.” The utmost was to institute inquiries; and from the information thus gathered, has been collected a record of misery, such as never was before displayed.

It is true some few steps have at last been taken in the right direction; some few noble spirits have spoken out to the “comfortable,” the dreadful truths. That something must be done is now acknowledged by all who think. The foolish, the careless, and the truculent, can no longer avowedly declare the cries and groans of the miserable multitude to be seditious discontent; nor ascribe their sufferings to the results of retributive justice.

Baffled in every search for a remedy at home, I determined to search foreign nations, and having carefully journeyed through Europe, I sought successively the East and West, until I had traversed the civilized countries of the world. It was in the remote regions of the East and West that I found a clue to my discovery. I here found mankind as multitudinous as at home, but much more happy. Starvation, except in cases of general famine, was unknown; and, on the contrary, I heard the sounds of revelry and dancing, of mirth and leisure, amongst the lowest classes. How different to the everlasting toil of the superior Englishman. “These, then,” I said, “are the concomitants of bondage!” Having thus struck out the idea, I followed it up with logical severity, and enunciated the truth that *slavery and content, and liberty and discontent, are natural results of each other*. Applying this, then, to the toil-worn, half-fed, pauperised population of England, I found that the only way to permanently and efficiently remedy the complicated evils would be, to ENSLAVE the whole of the people of England who have not property.

Of course I expect a shout of execration and contempt at such a bold proposition; but, as I have already said, I seek only to gain the hearing, at first, of the impartial and the original thinker. That I am disinterested will at once be allowed, when I declare I do not seek to be one of the enslaved. But let us proceed to examine how this mighty benefit would manifest itself. The first

great advantage would be, that the lower classes of society would be placed on an equality with the domestic animals; and by becoming property, become valuable and valued. At present there can be no doubt that a horse that is worth fifty pounds is much more cared for than a man who is worth nothing. We have lately seen a case where a woman was allowed to expire in parturition, because no more than eight shillings was allowed for the midwife's fee; whereas, when a famous racing-mare foaled, ten guineas were not thought too great a sum to secure the attendance of a first-rate veterinary surgeon. Now, had the woman been a slave, her offspring would have been worth something, and, of course, her safety secured.

Like all great discoveries, the ramifications of the advantages are found to be endless, and, if once fully entertained, would be irresistible. Entire and complete slavery of the poor would put an end to all the discussions of their rights, and clearly and definitely work out the relative duties of all classes. We should have no more occasion for vague special pleading, such as we find in Paley and other moral philosophers, who endeavor to reconcile dependence and independence, and liberty and obedience. Sedition would be at once annihilated; for where there was no hope nor recognition of equality, there would be no attempt to raise claims which were stifled before born. All vain ambition, such as that now subsisting, between the potboy and the peer, as manifested in Chesterfields, mosaic gold and cigars, would be prevented. The potboy would be a contented slave, and the peer left to his superiority in clothes, trinkets, and sensualities.

It will of course be asserted that the people would not be contented as slaves, but it is only to make a state inevitable, and humanity is soon reconciled to it, as we are to death, governments, and the income-tax. Besides, what is liberty? a word now almost forgotten; a battle sound used to juggle men in every age and country; in Greece, Rome, and America, the war-cry of slaves to fight for the liberty of slavery. Must we, then, ever remain the tools of words; reject all the true advantages of slavery because we cannot bear the name, and take all its evils, and more, because we wish to renounce the sound? What are soldiers and sailors but bondsmen? Indeed, they are a happy specimen of slavery; well fed, clad, and tended; with plenty of leisure and repose. Why, then, should they be happier than the peasant, who pines away his dreary existence on bread and potatoes and water? What is the convict but a slave, who by his crimes has earned his right to be kept well and safe from the elements and want? We reward the criminal with slavery and competence, and leave the honest man to liberty and want.

If, indeed, the old noble cry of “Liberty and Beer” could be realized, then it were vain to urge my discovery; but as Englishmen, in proportion as they have gained their liberty, have lost their beer, it behoves us to see whether they had not better hasten back to that state, when inventoried with their masters' swine they shared also their superfluities.

A loud but not effectual opposition may be expected from a class who derive a kind of vested interest in the preservation of what they are pleased to call the rights of freeborn Englishmen. The value of what they contend for has been ably delin-

eated by De Foe, both in his book and his frontispiece. The gentlemen who have taken to themselves this vested interest, are to be found on the opposition benches of the House of Commons, the writers of certain newspapers, and in the parlors and tap-rooms of public houses, with democratic signs. Though all these classes have very much diminished in the present century, there are still one or two of the breed of the Wilkes and Henleys left, but they are of a dwarf kind, and flourish principally in the sister isle. Such as they are, however, they will appeal to Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and sundry other worn-out topics, which, although they have cost much risk, trouble, and bloodshed to the promoters, have been found very inapplicable to the improvement of the condition of the increasing pauper population of this land of liberty.

In the train of these gentry will be found another set, who, anxious to preserve our ancient literature, will object to the total annihilation of all those odes and poems relative to liberty, which have been sung and spouted at public dinners and pot-house meetings ever since the people dared say their souls were their own. It certainly is vexatious, (as the lady said when her husband was about to be hanged,) that all for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sydney died on the scaffold, should be found to be of no avail; but still, as we have two hundred years' proof of its inefficiency, it is of no avail denying the truth.

With respect to those literary and oratorical persons, who might be apprehensive that they would suffer a professional loss by the formal enslavement of the lower orders, a consolatory view may be taken. We have the noblest examples of rhetorical flourish on the side of liberty, in writers and orators of the very nations where the most iron-hearted slavery existed. Leonidas was a Spartan, and in Sparta they slew Helots to make fun. Rome, and all the states of Greece, afford a beautiful example that the speechifying and poetizing about liberty have nothing to do with the reality. Brutus had his door opened to him when he went out to slay Cæsar, and make his speech in the forum, by a slave who was chained to the lintel. These, it may be said, are heathen examples; but it is delightful to find in modern states, punctilious of their Christianity, parallel examples. Behold America, whose every second word is liberty, with her black population. Read her bravadoes, and behold her slaves! What country has distinguished itself more than France? yet consider that where the Marseillaise is the popular hymn, it is frequently sung by conscripts. In our own happy land, "the birthplace of freedom, the land of the free," we have ample precedents and authorities. Impressment and enlistment have a slight antithesis to "Britons never will be slaves;" not to allude to factory operations, and workhouse regulations. Enough, however, has been said, to show that the literature of the country cannot suffer from the measure proposed. Indeed, it will probably increase in value, on the old principle of the greater the fiction the greater the poem. These, then, are groundless fears, and we shall have our odes and orations, when the great object shall have been compassed, as full of glowing images and eulogies of liberty as in the times of Pitt's volunteers, and be able then fully to equal America and

France in the loudness of our eulogy of the imaginary, and in the complete absence of the real. The literary men will therefore, of course, immediately adopt and advocate the noble purpose proposed.

To those who will still remain incredulous, we ask what liberty has done for the great mass of the people? Answer, ye enormous poor-houses—ye mighty jails—ye banished convicts—ye starving and over-worked populace. *Liberty without property is but a phantasma.* Independence, indeed, is a different thing, but then the property of the civilized world is already appropriated, and henceforward political morality can only acknowledge two things—the proprietor and the property. He who is not one must be of the other, to be of any value in the social scale. He either must be the preserver or the preserved—the possessor or the possessed. This is a great moral truth, that at once, like all such principles, puts everything in its right place. The proprietor will of course take care of his property; and the property thus will be sure to be taken care of by the proprietor.

The enunciator of a great truth is not compelled to show in what way his discovery is to be brought into operation. It was enough for the Marquis of Worcester, and for Windsor, to show how steam and gas could be applied; they were not called upon to lay down all the rails and pipes necessary to the practical fulfilment of their theories; so I am not bound to say how my great discovery of enslaving the whole pauper population of England is to be accomplished. Inferior geniuses may find great help in the proceedings of the Poor Law Commissioners, and many other parts of the conduct of great ministers and patriots, from Charles Stuart to Daniel O'Connell—and from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel. With the execution of this great national movement I can have nothing to do, though I shall be ever ready to defend my discovery.

As I feel, however, that my principles are perfectly in accordance with a new and noble race of young men with hot heads and cold hearts, who have lately flamed above the political horizon, I shall look to them for the practical fulfilment of this noble object, convinced that they will throw a grace over the enslavement of the people, and a glow of rhetoric on the annihilation of English liberty, that will add a charm to the benefit thus conferred. Deeply impressed with their inclination and their powers to effect this desirable object, I confide the revival and confirmation of English slavery to The Young Englanders.

It is contemplated by government to send out another expedition to the Arctic regions, with the view of discovering the north-west passage between the Atlantic and Pacific; and the Council of the Royal Society, having been solicited to give their opinion as to the desirableness of such an expedition, have stated that, independent of the great object to be attained, the benefits that would accrue to the sciences of geography and terrestrial magnetism, render such an expedition peculiarly desirable. The command of the expedition, we understand, has been offered to Sir James Ross; should that officer decline it, it will fall upon Sir John Franklin.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

CHAPTER III.

It would be tedious work for the reader did we chronicle every event of the long life of little St. Giles from the hour that he was snatched from Short's Gardens, until time beheld him in the mature manhood of seven years old. A long life in sooth, that six years and a half; for how much had St. Giles accomplished in it! What a stride had he made in existence, passing over childish days—childish ignorance; exempt, by fortune of his birth, from all the puerilities, the laughing thoughtlessness of babyhood. He was now a suckling, and now a dwarfed man. There was no dallying pause, no middle space for him, to play with life, knowing not his playmate—no bit of green sward, with flowers for toys. Oh, no! he was made, with sudden violence, to know life. He saw not the lovely thing life, through golden shadows, roseate hues; he looked not at it through the swimming eyes of childhood—a glorious thing to be approached through what seem beauties numberless, that gradually fade and fade as we advance upon the green uplands of time, unveiling to us by degrees the cold, hard, naked truth—the iron image, life. St. Giles had no such preparation. Suddenly, and with the merciless strength of want, he was made to look on life in its fiercest, foulest aspect. He saw at once the grim idol he had to serve, and all unconsciously, he served it. Unconsciously, too, he carried in his look, his air, his speech, a premature wisdom. He had learned, as at once, his whole task; but the suddenness of the teaching had wiped out childhood from his face: he had paid at one sum, although he knew it not, the price of life, for life's worst knowledge.

How very differently did young St. James con his lesson, life! In reality, only six months younger than his squalid brother—for in this story St. Giles and St. James must fraternize—he was still the veriest babe. Why, it was gladness to the heart to look at him—to hear his blithe voice—to see him, in that happy freedom of infancy, when children play in the vestibule of life—as children sometimes play with flowers picked from graves in a church porch; heedless whence they pluck their pleasures, thoughtless of the mystery of mysteries taught within. And what prophecies—with what “sweet breath composed”—were uttered to his glorification! What a man he would make! What a blessing he would prove to his begetters! What a treasure to the world at large! And so, young St. James, fed with the sweetest and the best, clothed with the softest and the richest—fondled, kissed, caressed—was, in truth, a glorious creature. There was happiness, delicate beauty, in his soft pink and white cheek—innocence, intelligence, in his large, laughing eyes. All he knew of the world was, that it was one large play-place filled with many-sorted toys; with battledores, humming-tops, and rocking horses. Compared with young St. Giles, how very ignorant!

In something more than the six years elapsed since our last chapter, St. Giles had made more profitable use of time. But then he had had the sharpest teachers—and so many opportunities! Hunger and cold were his tutors, and rapid and many are the degrees of human knowledge conferred by them, albeit their scholars are not prone to brag of their learning. Young St. James was bounded by the garden, or the parks; or when he saw and

heard the hurry and roar of London, took his imperfect lessons through a carriage-window. Now, St. Giles—the matured, seven years' adult—was a busy actor in the great mart of men. Every day he carried some new lie to market, played some new part, in obedience to the fiend in his bowels, that once a day at least cried “eat, eat.” And sometimes, too, the fiend would vary his cry, and after long grumbling, long suffering, too, would mutter “steal, steal.” And what was there in the word to appal St. Giles? Nothing; he had heard it so early: it was to him an old familiar sound—a household syllable. True it is, he had heard that it was wrong to steal: he had heard many other things, too, that were wrong; many that were right. But somehow they were jumbled in that little active brain of his. He could not separate them. He supposed there were some people whose business in the world it was to steal; just as there were some people born to fine houses and fine clothes—and some only born to cellars and rags. And so, wicked St. Giles would pilfer—such is human iniquity—with no more conscience than a magpie.

With this preface, touching the advanced years and various accomplishments of our heroes, let us now continue our broken narrative.

One of the seven airiest and finest streets that compose the Seven Dials—for we care not to name the exact spot—boasted the advent of a tradesman, who employed the whole vigor of his mind, and he himself thought not meanly of it, on the manufacture of muffins. At the time of our present chapter, Mr. Capstick had only lived a twelvemonth under the protection of St. Giles; paying the saint due parish rates for such advantage. Where Mr. Capstick came from, nobody knew. It was plain, he was one of those people who now and then drop from the sky into a neighborhood, for no other end than to adorn and dignify it. At least, it was plain that Mr. Capstick thought as much; and he was not a man to disguise his thoughts when they at all tended to his self-glorification. True it was, muffins had been known in St. Giles', ere Mr. Capstick lighted his oven there. But what muffins! How, too, were they made—where vended! Why, as Mr. Capstick would observe, they were made as if they were bad halfpence—and they were quite as hard to chew—in guilt and darkness. Nobody knew what they were eating. Now, all the world might see him make his muffins. Indeed, he would feel obliged to the world if it would take that trouble. To be sure, he was throwing his muffins to swine—but he could n't help that. It was n't his nature to do anything that was n't first-rate: he knew he was a loser by it; all men who did so were; nevertheless, a man who was a true man would go on ruining himself for the world, though he might hate the world all the time he was doing it. Nevertheless, his muffins were open to the universe. There was no mystery in him, none at all. And then he would say, glowing at times with a strange eloquence, “What a glorious thing it would be for the world, if every man made his muffin—whatever that muffin might be—in the open light of heaven; and not in a cupboard, a hole, a corner! It was making muffins in secret, and in darkness, that made three parts of the misery of mankind.” When people heard Mr. Capstick discourse after this fashion, they would confidentially declare to one another,

that it was plain he was born above his business: he was a broken-down gentleman; perhaps come of a Jacobite family, and made muffins to hide his disgrace. True it was, there was a pompousness, a swagger, an affected contempt of the people with whom he turned the penny, that gave some warranty for these opinions. Nevertheless, Mr. Capstick, with all his consequence, all his misanthropy—and he wore his hatred of mankind as he would have worn a diamond ring, as a thing at once to put in the best light and to be very proud of—was a great favorite. The cellars of St. Giles' echoed his praises. He was, in his way, a great benefactor to his poorest neighbors. "You see, Mary Anne," he would say to his wife, "what a blessing there is in corn. When muffins are too stale to sell, they're always good enough to give away." And these remainder muffins he would frequently bestow upon the veriest needy, accompanied with phrases that spoke his contempt of human nature, his particular nature included.

Such was Mr. Capstick—such was the self-important muffin-maker—whom we have now to introduce to the reader. The time was about two o'clock on a gusty March afternoon; and Mr. Capstick stood erect behind his counter, evidently strung for some important task. There was a weight of meaning in his broad, white face; and a big black cap, selected it would seem with an eye to the picturesque, impending over his brow, imparted to it a severity not to be lost upon vulgar beholders. Having thrust his hands and half his arms into his breeches pockets—as though to place himself firmly on his centre—the muffin-maker proceeded to interrogate a child before him, speaking very loud, and frowning very significantly the while. The child, reader, was young St. Giles. You left him when he was a nursling; and the boy man—the natural growth in such a soil, of the helpless, untaught, untended infant—stands before you. He is puny and dwarfed; a miserable little chit in his anatomy; but his sharp, fox-like face—his small black eyes, now looking bashfulness, and now brightening with impudence—his voice, now coaxing, and now drawling—prove him to be an almost equal match for his burly questioner, the clever, pompous, world-knowing muffin-maker.

"So; you are the little dog that came begging of me in Bow-street!" growled Capstick.

"I'm the werry dog, sir," answered St. Giles, in no way daunted by Capstick's thunder.

"Don't you know that boys ought n't to beg? Don't you know that I could have you sent to jail for begging? Eh? Don't you know that?" asked the muffin-maker very loudly.

"Yes, sir; I knows it, sir," replied the child, with a wonderful knowledge of law.

"And if you know better, why don't you do better?" said Capstick.

"Don't know what better is, sir," returned St. Giles, looking down at the floor, and shuffling his feet.

"Humph!" mused Capstick, and then he somewhat gently asked, "should you like to learn it, my little boy?"

"Is n't it werry hard, sir?" inquired St. Giles.

"Don't like hard learning, sir."

"What, you've tried, have you? You've been to school, eh? You can write a little, and read a little?" said the muffin-maker.

"No, sir; never went to school; never had time, sir. Besides, sir, father always used to say, school was werry dummy."

"Dummy! What's dummy?" cried the muffin-maker.

Young St. Giles leered up in Capstick's face, and then giving himself a twist as though enjoying the tradesman's ignorance, the boy said—"Not know what dummy is! Why, sir, if you please, dummy's *flash*."

"Oh! then you know *flash*?" asked Capstick of his infant teacher.

"I know a little, sir," replied St. Giles, very modestly: "know more, when I grows bigger."

"I dare say you will," cried the muffin-maker, pityingly. "And tell me, what's your father doing now?"

"He's a doing nothing now, sir."

"No!" said Capstick.

"No, sir,—he's dead," said St. Giles; but whether the child spoke in simplicity or jest, it passed the penetration of the muffin-maker to discover.

"And you've never been taught to do anything! Poor little wretch!" cried Capstick.

It was plain that young St. Giles rejected the compassion of the muffin-maker; for he immediately, with much volubility, asserted; "I knows a good many things, sir; sometimes, sir, goes singing o' ballads with Tom Blast: was to have gone with him to-day; only Tom's so precious hoarse, crying dying speeches yesterday. Then I knows how to sell matches, and hold osses, and do many things, sir, as I forget now."

Capstick looked at the urchin for a few moments, then leaning over the counter, and beckoning St. Giles closer, he said to him, in a tone of tenderness,—“You'd like to be a good boy, would n't you?”

"A course, sir," answered St. Giles, with stolid face.

"And so be a good man; and so at last get a nice shop, such as this, eh? You'd like it, eh?"

"Would n't I though!" cried St. Giles, playing with his hair and grinning.

"Instead of wandering about the streets—and singing ballads—and going along with boys, that at last may lead you to be hanged?"

"I saw Bill Filster hung, yesterday," cried St. Giles sharply, and his eyes sparkled as with the recollection of the treat.

"Oh Lord! oh Lord," groaned the muffin-maker. "You little rascal! who took you?"

"Went with some big boys," answered the unabashed St. Giles. "I give Phil Slant a happle to let me set upon his shoulders. Bill Filster used to live in our lane. Poor Bill! It was so prime."

The muffin-maker spasmodically whipped his cap from his head, and drawing a long breath, wiped his brows; the while he looked at young St. Giles with pity, and something like bitterness. The next moment he cried to himself, "Poor little wretch! Poor little animal!"

"I know'd Bill Filster. Once he lived in our lane. Oh, could n't he sing a song! He taught me one about Dick Turpin. Sometimes," said St. Giles, bending his small quick eyes on Capstick, "sometimes people have given me a penny to sing it."

The muffin-maker made no reply; but with a lofty waving of the hand—immediately understood by St. Giles—commanded silence. Then did Mr. Capstick walk up and down behind his counter, self-communing. Put his flying thoughts into words, and they would read somewhat as follows:—"A little scoundrel! Poor wretch, how can he

help it! What's he been taught? Wrong, wrong; nothing but wrong. There's a manner in the little villain, too, that promises something better. He's but a babe! Poor miserable thing! and what a knowing little rascal! Well, it won't ruin me—thank God!—it can't ruin me." And then Mr. Capstick again laid himself across the counter, and said a little sternly to young St. Giles—"Come here, you sir."

"Yes, sir," said St. Giles, stepping up to the muffin-maker, and looking confidently in the face of his patron.

"If I was to be your friend, and try to save you from being hanged—there, don't cry,"—for St. Giles affecting sensibility had already raised his arm to his eyes—"If I was to save you from being hanged, for else you're pretty sure to come to it, would you be a good boy, eh?"

"Oh, would n't I, sir!" cried St. Giles. "I jest would then."

"Well—do you think you could sell muffins?" And this question Mr. Capstick put in a low, cautious voice, with his eye turned watchfully towards the back parlor, as though he feared some sudden detection.

"I should like it so!" cried young St. Giles, rubbing his hands.

Capstick was evidently taken with the boy's alacrity for the profession, for he quickly said—"Then I'll make a man of you. Yes; I'll set you up in business." With these words Capstick produced a small basket from behind the counter. "Be a good boy, now," he said, "an honest boy, and this basket may some day or the other grow into a big shop. Understand; you can understand, I know, for you've a lot of brains of some sort in your eyes, I can see. Understand that if you're civil and pains-taking, your fortune's made. This is the best chance you ever had of being a man. Here's a basket and a bell,"—for in the days we write of, the muffin-bell was not unmusical to legislative ears—"and two dozen muffins. You'll get two shillings for 'em, for they're baker's dozens. Then come here to-morrow; I'll set you up again, and give you a lumping profit for yourself. There's the goods;" and Capstick, with exceeding gravity, placed the basket in one hand of St. Giles, and a small metal bell in the other. "Tell me, my boy, did you ever see Lord Mayor's show?"

"Yes, sir; many times," said the seven year old St. Giles.

"And the lord mayor in his gold coach, and the trumpeters before him, and all that? Now, attend to me"—and the muffin-maker became still more grave. "Attend to me. There's many a lord mayor who never had the start you have—who never was so lucky to begin life upon muffins. So, when bad boys come about you and want you to be idle and play with 'em, and do worse than that, it may be—just think of the lord mayor, and what you *may* come to."

"Yes, sir, I will, sir," said young St. Giles, impatient to begin business.

"Then go along with you," cried Capstick; "and mind people don't call me a fool for trusting you. There, go," said the tradesman a little pompously—"cry muffins, and be happy!"

St. Giles jumped from the step into the street, and rang his bell, and chirped "muffins" with the energy of a young enthusiast. Capstick, with complacency upon his face, looked for a time after the child; he then muttered—"Well, if it saves the little wretch, it's a cheap penn'orth."

"At your old doings again!" cried Mrs. Capstick, who from the dark nook of a back parlor had watched, what she often called the weakness of her husband.

"My dear Mary Anne," chuckled the muffin-maker as though laughing at a good joke—" 'tis the little rascal that, I told you, set upon me in Bow-street. I've given him a few of the stale ones—he's rogue enough to pass 'em off I know. Ha! ha! I like to see the villany of life—it does me good. After, as you know, what life's done for me, it's meat and drink to me to see the crops of little vagabonds coming up about us like mustard-seed—all of 'em growing up to cheat and rob, and serve the world as it should be served, for it's a bad world—base and brassy as a bad shilling." And with this ostentatious, counterfeited misanthropy, would the muffin-maker award to his best deeds the worst motives. And Mrs. Capstick was a shrewd woman. She suffered herself to seem convinced of her husband's malice of heart—knowing as she did its thorough excellence. But then the muffin-maker had been bitterly used by the world. "His wine of life," he would say, "had been turned into vinegar."

"Well, you'll be ruined your own way," cried Mrs. Capstick.

"And that, Mary Anne," said the muffin-maker, "is some comfort in ruin. When so many people would ruin us, it's what I call a triumph over the villany of the world to be ruined after one's own desire."

"Good afternoon, ma'am—why, you're welcome as the flowers in spring," said Mrs. Capstick to a woman faintly dressed, and burning in red ribands, who suddenly entered the shop; a woman, whose appearance did scarcely suggest the beauty and tenderness of spring flowers. "I have n't seen you these three months."

"Oh lor, no!" said the woman, "that court will be the death of all of us."

Let not the reader imagine that the speaker complained of the tainted air or confined limits of any court in the neighborhood. No, indeed; she spoke of no other court than the Court of St. James.

"What! Queen Charlotte will so often make you take tea with her, eh?" said the muffin man, with his severest sneer. "It's too bad; she ought n't to be so hard upon you."

"Oh, there's so much dining and dining—cabinet dinners, my dear, they call 'em—for they always eat most when they've most to do—that I might as well be in the galleys. However, they're all going to the play to-night, and—it's a poor heart that never rejoices—I'm going there myself."

"Well, I don't know that you could do a better thing," said Capstick; "there's a good deal to be learnt at a play, if fools will learn anything."

"Oh! a fiddle's end upon learning. I go for a nice deep tragedy; something cutting, that will do me good. There's nothing so refreshing as a good cry, when, my dear, you know after all there's nothing to cry about. Tears was given us to enjoy ourselves with—that is, tears at the play-house."

"They wash out the mind, like a dirty tea-cup," said the muffin-maker, "and give a polish to the feelings."

"They always do with me, Mister Capstick," said the woman, "I never feel so tender and so kind to all the world as when I've had a good cry;

and, thank Heaven! a very little makes me cry. What we women should do, if we could n't cry, my dear, nobody knows. We're treated bad enough as it is, but if we could n't cry when we liked, how we should be put upon—what poor, defenceless creatures we should be!"

"Nature's been very kind to you," said the muffin-maker. "Next to the rhinoceros, there's nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it."

"I'm not talking of brute beasts, Mister Capstick," said the fair one, tossing her head; and then approaching the shop-door, she looked intently down the street.

Mrs. Capstick, to change the conversation, carelessly observed—"You are not looking for anybody, Kitty?"

"For nobody in particular," said Kitty, and she again gazed very anxiously. "The truth is, one of our gentlemen is going to the play with me. We did n't leave the house together, for you know what foolishness people talk. I told him to meet me here. I'm going to buy some muffins, you know," she quickly added, as a justifiable trading excuse for the liberty she had taken.

"Never mind the muffins," said Capstick; "if I can help you to a husband in any lawful way, Kitty, why I owe the world such a grudge, I'll do anything to do it."

Kitty, in her maiden confusion, unconscious of the muffin-maker's satire, merely said, "Lor! Mr. Capstick."

"What sort of a gentleman is he?" asked Mrs. Capstick.

"There, again," said the muffin-maker, "if it is n't droll! There can't be a woman ever so old that, when she thinks she smells a sweet-heart somewhere, doesn't snigger and grin as if her own courting days were come again. Well, you are a strange lot, you women!"

"What sort of a gentleman is he, Kitty?" repeated the unmoved Mrs. Capstick.

Kitty smiled very forcibly, and answered, "Oh, a—a dark gentleman. And now, Mrs. Capstick, let me have a shilling's worth of muffins. Dear me! Why don't you come and live in Pell Mell! Muffins is the only things that we have n't tip-top at the West-end. You're burying yourself here, in St. Giles'; you are, indeed. If you'd only come West-end—only don't let it be known where you come from—I could put your muffins, as I may say, into millions of families."

"It's worth thinking of," said the sly Capstick. "I might be appointed muffin-maker to the Royal Family. Might put up the Royal arms, with a gold toasting-fork in the lion's mouth."

"To be sure you might," said the sanguine Kitty; "and if you've a mind to do it, I'll speak to the cook—he's the best of friends with the butler—the butler will speak to the valet—the valet will speak to master—and master's only got to catch the king in a good humor to do anything with him. I tell you what to do," said Kitty, as struck by a brilliant thought: "send in a couple of dozen muffins to-morrow, and I'll manage to introduce 'em."

"And you think his gracious majesty's to be got at in this way, through the kitchen?" asked Capstick.

"I'm certain sure of it; it's done every day; or what's the good of having a master in what they call a cabinet? There's nothing like working up'ards, Mr. Capstick—I know what the court

is. I'd have done a good deal for Jem—they call him Bright Jem, but I could never see his brightness—only he's as proud as a peacock with a new tail. I could have got him—ha! I don't know what I could n't have got him—only he'd never let me ask for it. Ha! if my foolish sister had n't married, as I may say, in the gutter, she might have been quite as well off as me."

"She seems very happy, for all that," said Mrs. Capstick.

"Poor thing! she does n't know any better," said Kitty; "she ought n't to be happy though. I'm going to tea with her, and to take them muffins; for though she has married a low tradesman, I can't forget she's my sister; and yet you should hear how I do get laughed at about it, sometimes in our house. But feelings is feelings, Mr. Capstick. Oh!" added Kitty with much vivacity, and an affected flutter—"here comes the gentleman. Now, think of what I've said, Mr. Capstick; there's the shilling." And Kitty, taking the muffins, turned out of the shop, meeting a black servant—black as guilt—as he was about to enter. "Here I am, Cesar," said Kitty; and taking his ebony arm, she walked with him away.

"Why, bless me! She's never going to marry a nigger!" cried the muffin-maker's wife. "She'll never do such a thing! Eh, Mr. Capstick?"

"Why, Mary Anne," said the misanthrope, "Miss Kitty is a long way the other side of a chicken. And when women of her time of life can't snow white, they'll snow black."

CHAPTER IV.

WE must again solicit the company of the reader to the lodging of Bright Jem, Short's Gardens. It is the same clean, dull room, as shown in our second chapter; one of the many abiding-places in which the care and industry of woman do somehow make poverty and snugness half friends; in which penury has at least the cheerful hue of cleanliness. Bright Jem again smoked at the fire-place. Though more than six years had passed, they had run off his face like oil. Here and there his stubby hair was dredged with gray; his broad back was bent a little, nothing more. Indeed, Jem's was one of those faces in which time seems at once to do its best and worst. It grew a little browner with years like walnut-wood; but that was all.

We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed, is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration, hinting in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older, with no former intimates—churchyard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose. This inch—only an inch!—would have destroyed the vanity of the very handsomest face; and so, driven the thoughts of a man from a vulgar looking-glass, a piece of shop crystal—and more, from the fatal mirrors carried in the heads of women to reflect, Heaven knows how many coxcombs who

choose to stare into them—to the glass of his own mind. With only such petty sacrifice, he might have been a philosopher. Thus considered, how many a coxcomb may be within an inch of a sage! True, there was an age when wise men—at least a few of them—glorified in self-mutilation, casting sanguinary offerings to the bird of wisdom. But this was in the freshness and youth of the world; in the sweet innocence of early time. But the world grows old; and like a faded, fashionable beauty, the older it grows, the more it lays on the paint.

And the sum and end of this swelling paragraph is this. If, O reader! you are young, and believe yourself handsome, avoid the peril of beauty. Think of Narcissus, and—cut off your nose. Only an inch! And how let us descend to the hearth and home of Bright Jem.

Mrs. Aniseed still shone, in comfortable looks, at the fireside. Her face was a little thinner, a little longer; but time had touched her as though, for the good heart that was in her bosom, he loved her.

A third person—a visitor—was present: a woman of any age. Her face seemed bloodless—white as chalk—formed in sharp outline. She was poorly dressed, and yet it was plain she aimed at a certain flow and amplitude of costume that should redeem her from among the vulgar. Her head was armed with a white stiff muslin cap, frilled and pointed: it seemed a part of her; a thing growing upon her, like the crest of some strange bird. She sat motionless, with her arms crossed, like an old figure in faded tapestry. Poor soul! she seemed one of the remnants of another age, that time, as he clears away generations, forgets now and then to gather up; or it may be, purposely leaves them for a while as century posts of a past age. Miss Canary—such was her name—was very poor; nevertheless, she had one sustaining comfort, which—as though it were a cordial—she took to her heart twenty times a-day. It was this: "She was born a lady; nobody could deprive her of that." And it was this proud thought, that, like an armed knight, attended her in the gallery of Covent-garden Theatre, where, condescending to poverty, she every evening offered for sale apples and oranges, cider, and a bill of the play. It was this thought of her born gentility that kept her taciturn and stately amidst the free comments of apprentices, the wit of footmen, and the giggling of holiday maids. The dignity of her utterance, her stately bearing, had some years past obtained for her the name of Lady Canary. And she deserved it. For she offered apples, oranges, cider, and a bill of the play, as though she really invited the gods to the fruit of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the very choicest sort of nectar, and a new poem by Apollo. There was no solicitation in her tone—but a sort of disciplined condescension; and she took the money for her commodities with nothing of the air of a trader, but of a tax-gatherer—or rather of a queen receiving homage in the tangible form of halfpence. And all this she owed to the constant thought that glorified her far beyond the heroines upon the stage—(empresses for a night)—to the possessing idea that "she was born a lady; and nobody could deprive her of that." It was this family pride—from what family she rose and declined she never told—that now engaged her in, we fear, an unequal controversy with Bright Jem; his wife, strange to say for a wife, taking no part in the

debate, but sitting at the fire, now smiling and now nodding applause at either deserving party.

"No, Mr. James, no. I tell you, I was born a lady, and I could n't do it," said Miss Canary. "You are a very good man, a very kind creature, Mr. Aniseed; but excuse me, you don't know what high life's made of."

"Not all made o' sugar, I dare say," said Jem, "no more than our life's all made o' mud."

"But I ought to know; for I tell you again, I was born a lady," cried the playhouse Pomona.

"Nonsense," said Jem. "I tell you, Miss Canary, there is n't such a thing as a born lady in the world."

"Why! you never, Mr. James!" and Miss Canary was scandalized at the heresy.

"Born lady!" repeated Jem, laughingly; and then moving his chair towards his disputant, he touched her mittened arm with his pipe, saying—"Look here, now. There's Mrs. Grimble, at number five, she had a little gal last week—you know that? Well; Mrs. Grimble is a clear-starcher. That you allow. And for that reason—now tell me this—for that reason is her little babby born a clear-starcher! Eh? I should like to know as much as that now!"

"Oh, Mr. James! you're a good person—but you know you're a low man; no, no; you can't understand these things." And Miss Canary smiled a pitying smile.

"I tell you," said Jem, "there's no such thing as born ladies and gentlemen. There's little bits of red girls and boys born if you will—and you may turn 'em into—now, look here," said Jem, "if there was to be some born gentlemen and some not, why was n't there two Adams and two Eves, for the high folks and the low ones?"

"Oh, Mr. James!" cried Miss Canary, half rising from her seat—"For your precious soul's sake, I hope not; but I do think you're an *athist*."

"I can't tell, I'm sure," said Jem, not comprehending the conveyed reproach. "I don't know, but as for my soul, Miss Canary—why, I try to keep it as clean, and take as good care of it, as a soldier takes care of his gun, so that it may be always in fighting order against the enemy."

"You think so, Mr. James; but with your notions, it's impossible. Oh, Mrs. Aniseed, I do wonder at you! How you can hear your good man talk as he does, and still sit laughing in that way! Well, I bless my stars, I've not a husband to be miserable about."

"Well, I'm sure, Miss Canary, I wish you had," said Mrs. Aniseed, laughing the more. "If you was only as miserable as I am, what a deal happier you'd be! People who live alone with nobody but a cat, I don't know how it is, but they do get a little like their company."

"Susan," said Jem; and taking the pipe from his mouth, he looked full at his wife, and shook his head reprovingly. "I won't have it, Susan."

"La, Jem! May n't I speak in my own house?" cried the wife.

"It's the very last place you ought to speak in, Susan, if you can't speak nothing that's comfortable. If you and Miss Canary want a good bout together, why, I hope I know women too well to be unreasonable. Point a place and take an early hour that you may get it over in one day, and not at your own fireside, where you ask a body to come and sit down cosily with you. It's a mean advantage. A wild Injun would n't do it!"

"I'm sure, Jem, I meant nothing," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"That's it, Susan; that's the shame and nonsense o' the thing. A man might bear a good deal of noise from you women—I don't mean you, Miss Canary—if there was half-an-ounce of meaning in it. But when you get upon an argument one with another, you go at it like a monkey on a drum. It's all a row without a bit of tune in it. And then, nine times out o' ten, after you've been spitting and clawing at one another, you make it up you don't know why, and all of a sudden you're sociable together as two kittens at the same sarrer of milk. And now, Susan, my old woman, get the tea."

Mrs. Aniseed with a sudden smile at her face, called there by the kindly tone of the conjugal mandate, said, "You're a queer cretur, Jem," and was about to quit the room. She paused a moment at the door, and nodding significantly to Jem, said "muffins," and then vanished.

We know not whether the word reached Miss Canary, but she observed with new cordiality—"She's a dear woman, Mr. James; and now she can't hear me, I don't mind saying it—I love her like any sister."

Bright Jem said nothing, but sucked his pipe with a loud smack.

"Nothing's a trouble to her. She's done many things for me, that I could n't have done myself; but then, as I say, Mr. James, I was born a lady, and though I do sell fruit in the playhouse, thank Heaven! I never forget myself."

"Not when your cat's a starving?" said Jem, dryly.

"Now we won't talk of that again, Mr. James. We've talked enough about that. You may say it's weakness—I call it a proper pride. I don't mind going with a pie to the bakehouse—don't much mind answering the milk—but I can't quite forget what I came of—no, nothing on earth should compel me to take in the cat's-meat. Pride must stop somewhere; and till my dying day, I stop at cat's-meat."

"Well, I'm very glad, Miss Canary, I'm not your mouser, that's all," said Jem; who was interrupted in further speech by the sudden appearance of his wife, who, somewhat flustered, yet with laughter playing about her mouth, bounced into the room.

"Jem," she cried, "who do you think's coming! And who do you think?"—and here she approached her husband, and was about to whisper in his ear, when Jem drew himself majestically back.

"Mrs. Aniseed," he said, somewhat sternly, "you've no more manners than a poll parrot."

"Don't mind me," said Miss Canary rising.

"I'll go upon the landing for a minute."

"Don't stir a foot, ma'am," cried Jem, jumping up and handing her the chair; then turning to his wife—"And this is your breeding—to whisper company out o' your room! What have you got to say?"

"Well, then, nothing but this—Kitty's down stairs, come to tea. And she's brought somebody with her," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"Well, poor soul! I hope it's a sweetheart: she's been a long while looked over, and I hope her time's come at last. Does he look like a sweetheart? You women can tell that," said Jem.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Mrs. Aniseed.

seed, and she burst into a loud laugh. At the same moment, Kitty Muggs entered the room all smiles and good-humor, shaking hands with Bright Jem, and her esteemed acquaintance, Miss Canary: who, more than once, had sunk the recollection of her lady-like origin, and visited the kitchen of St. James' as an especial guest of Kitty's.

"I never saw you look so well, Kitty—well, that bonnet does become you," said Miss Canary. "And what a sweet riband!"

"Why, Kitty, there is mischief in the wind, I'm certain," said Jem. "You've got somebody tight at last, I can see that. Don't pucker your mouth up as small as a weddin' ring, but tell us who it is. I'll give you away with all my heart and soul."

"Lor, Jem! you are such a man. It's only one of our gentlemen come with me; we're going to the play." And then a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Kitty running to the door, cried encouragingly, "Come up, Cesar." Cesar obeyed the invitation, and in an instant stood bowing about him on the floor. Jem was twitched by a momentary surprise, but directly recovered himself. Laying down his pipe, he advanced with outstretched hand to the negro.

"You're welcome, my friend. Anybody as Kitty Muggs brings here is welcome as she is." Jem, turning his eye, detected his wife painfully endeavoring to kill a laugh by thrusting her apron corner into her mouth. Whereupon he repeated in a tone not to be mistaken by his helpmate—"Quite welcome; as welcome as she is." Mrs. Aniseed, thus rebuked, with a great effort swallowed her mirth, and immediately busied herself at the cupboard. Cesar silently seated himself, and looked about him—pleased with the cordiality of his reception—with a face lustrous as blackest satin. In his great contentment, he saw not Miss Canary, who had risen from her chair, and still stood with unclosed lips and wandering eyes, evidently feeling that all her treasured gentility was quitting her forever, drawn magnetically from her by the presence of the negro. She could not stay in the same room with a blackamoor—that was impossible. No; she was born a lady; and she would die rather than forfeit that consolation. Bewildered, yet endeavoring to make a graceful retreat, she still remained motionless, drawn taller, as pride and death will draw people.

"There's no need of ceremony, Miss Canary," said Jem, moving the chair to her with an emphasis—"Come, sit down, and make your life happy." Without knowing what she did, Miss Canary dropt in the chair; and then vehemently hated herself for the docility. Nevertheless, she would not remain in the room with a negro footman. A livery was bad enough; but a livery with a black man inside of it! There was no lie she would not tell to escape the degradation.

"You're very good, Mr. James; very kind, but I've such a headache," said Miss Canary, "I do think my head will split in two."

"Well, two heads, they say, is better than one," cried Jem, who saw at once the cause of the sudden illness.

"Got a head-ache!" exclaimed Kitty. "Where's my salts, Cesar?" Immediately, Cesar taking a small bottle warm from his pocket, advanced towards Miss Canary, who tried to shrink through the back of the chair, as the black approached her. "Take a good smell at 'em," said Kitty, "they're

fresh to day: I had 'em for the play to-night. I never go without 'em, since I was taken out a fainting."

"Never mind the salts," said Mrs. Aniseed; "a cup of nice tea will do you good." And she set the tea-things on the table.

"Yes," cried Kitty, "and I've brought you some real gunpowder, some I got from our own canister."

Kitty was about to consign the treasure to the tea-pot, when Bright Jem snatched up the vessel. "Much obliged to you, Kitty, all the same, but you 'll keep your gunpowder. I don't make my bowels a place for stolen goods, I can tell you."

"Stolen goods, Mr. Aniseed," cried Kitty; "stolen, why, it was only taken." Jem, inexorable, shook his head. "Well, you are such a strange man, and have such strange words for things!"

"No, Kitty," answered Jem; "it's having the right word for things, that makes 'em seem strange to you. I've told you this afore; now, don't you try it again."

Mrs. Aniseed, to divert this little contest, bustled about with uncalled-for energy; ringing the cups and saucers, and then calling out loudly for a volunteer to toast the muffins. "Permit me, marm," said Cesar, with exuberant politeness; the while Mrs. Aniseed drew back the toasting-fork, declaring she could by no manner of means suffer such a thing.

"Let him do it; he toasts beautiful," cried Kitty; and Cesar gained his wish.

"Scuse my back, marm," said Cesar, as, stooping to the fire, he turned that part of his anatomy towards Miss Canary.

"Always as he is now," said Kitty in a whisper to Miss Canary, "good-tempered as any dog." And then she furtively pressed the forbidden gunpowder tea upon the spinster, assuring her that the queen did n't drink such. Reader, your indulgence for human frailty. Miss Canary, forgetful of her ladyhood, pocketed the stolen goods with the serenity of a seraph.

"And so you're a going to the play, Kitty, you and Mr. Cesar? Well I think we shall have a good house. Of course, you go to our shop?" said Jem. "A deep tragedy to-night. All the better for you, Miss Canary, is n't it? Well, I never could make it out; that folks should suck more oranges, and drink more beer at a tragedy, than any other thing."

"It's their feelings, Jem," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"Well, I suppose it is. Just as folks eat and drink as they do at a funeral. When the feelings are stirred up, they must have something to struggle with, and so they go to eating and drinking."

"Romeo and Juliet's always worth three shillings more to me than any other play," said Miss Canary, gradually reconciled to the black by the gunpowder. "Oranges relieve the heart."

"No doubt on it," said Jem. "Though I don't often look inside the house, still I've seen 'em in the front row of the gallery—a whole lot of full-grown women—sucking and crying, like broken-hearted babbies."

"We're all a-going to-night, Jem," said Kitty, "that is, all our people. My lord and my lady, and, for the first time in his life, the dear child. Oh, what a love of loves that babby is. But you remember him, Susan? you recollect the night he was born, don't you?"

"I should think I did," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"That's the night, you know, Jem, I brought home that blessed infant."

"Blessed infant!" groaned Jem. "Ha! he was a blessed infant. And what is he now? Why, he looks as if he had been brought up by a witch, and played with nothing but devils. A little varmint! when he sometimes comes sudden upon me, he makes me gasp again; there does seem such a deal of knowing in his looks. You might thread a needle with his head, it looks so sharp. Poor little bit of muck! Ha!" and again Jem groaned.

"Ha! the Lord knows what will become of him," cried Mrs. Aniseed.

"I know what will become of him," said Jem; "the gallows will become of him—that's as plain as rope."

"Well, Mr. James," said Miss Canary—"and if they will—a little more sugar, please—if they will, these little wretches, rush to destruction, what's to be done with 'em?"

"Rush to destruction?" cried Jem indignantly—"pushed, driven to destruction, you mean. Now, look at that little chap—see what he's gone through. I wonder he is n't as full of wrinkles as a monkey. He was n't above six months old when we had him. Well, they took him from us; to be sure we'd no right to him; there was his own mother, and—no matter for that. They took him from us; and for a twelvemonth after that—I've seen him now in one woman's lap, now in another's, with his pretty plump face every week getting thinner and thinner—poor little wretch!—as though, babby as it was, it knew something of the wickedness that was going on about it, and days counted double days upon it. There looked a something horrible sensible in the child—a knowingness that was shocking, crowded as it was into its bit of a farthing face. Well, so it went on for about two years. And then, I've seen it barefoot in the mud, and heard it screaming its little pipe like a whistle, a singing ballads. And then, when it was n't four year old, I've seen the child with matches in his hand; and I've heard him lie and beg, and change his voice up and down, and down and up—Lord! it has made my blood turn like water to hear such cunning in a little cretur that natur meant to be as innocent as heaven. Well, and now what is he? At seven year old, what is he? Why, that little head of his is full of wasps as July. Now and then, a sort of look comes back upon his face, as if it was a good angel looking in it—and then, away it goes, and there's a imp of wickedness, grinning and winking at you."

"I hope we shall be in time to get a good place," said Kitty, to whom the history of young St. Giles seemed a very low and wicked business. "I want to get in the front row, because I do want to see how that precious cretur, that dear angel, young master, likes it. Sweet fellow! They say he's so sensible—should n't wonder if he knows every bit about it to-morrow. There never was such a child as that in the world."

"What! young St. James, eh? Well, he ought to be a nice little chap," said Jem. "He's lived the life of a flower; with nothing to do, but to let himself be nursed and coddled. He has n't had nothing to iron the dimples out of him yet. Howsomever, I shall have a look at him to-night when I call the carriage."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then there was a general move towards the theatre. Miss Canary, having suffered a promise to be tortured from her that she would visit Kitty at the West-end, left Short's Garden to prepare her basket in

the gallery. Bright Jem, having heartily shaken Cesar's hand—Cesar had remained silent almost as night during his visit, though he looked and smiled all kind of grateful eloquence—departed on his customary duty; and Kitty had then nothing to do, but to persuade her sister to accompany her and Cesar to the house. "I'll pay for you, Susan, so you need n't mind the expense," said Kitty.

"Oh, it is n't that," said Mrs. Aniseed, "not at all that, but—"

"Well, then, what can it be! Jem says you may go if you like, and I can see nothing to prevent you."

No, Kitty; you cannot see. Your eyes are lost in your heart, and you cannot see a footman of most objectionable blackness—a human blot—an ignominious stain that the prejudices of your sister, kind, cordial soul as she is, shrink from as from something dangerous to respectability. You, Kitty, cannot see this. You merely look upon Cesar Gum—the only creature of all the ten thousand thousand men, who, in your pilgrimage through life, has ever proffered to you the helping of his arm, who has ever stammered, trembled, smiled at your look, and run like a hound at your voice—you merely see in him a goodness, a sympathy that you have yearned for; and for the tint of the virtue you see it not: to you it may be either black, red, or white. Certainly, so much has the fire of your heart absorbed the color of your slave, that to you black Cesar Gum is fair as Ganymede. Sweet magician, Love! Mighty benevolence, Cupid, that takes away stains and blots—that gives the line of beauty to zig-zag, upturned noses—that smiles, a god of enchantment, in all eyes however green, blinking, or fish-like—that gives a pouting prettiness even to a hare-lip, bending it like love's own bow! Great juggler, Cupid, that from his wings shakes precious dust in mortal eyes; and lo! they see nor blight, nor deformity, nor stain; or see them turned to ornament; even, as it is said, the pearl of an oyster is only so much oyster disease. Plutus has been called a grand decorator. He can but gild ugliness: passing off the thing for its brightness. But Love—Love can give to it the shape, and paint it with the tints of his own mother. Plutus may, after all, be only a maker of human pocket-pieces. He washes deformity with bright metal, and so puts it off upon the near-sighted; now Love is an alchemist, and will, at least to the eyes and ears of some one, turn the coarsest lump of clay to one piece of human gold. And it was Love that, passing his rose-tipped, baby fingers along the lids of Kitty Muggs, made her see white in black: it was Love that, to her vision, turned ebony to ivory.

"Did n't you hear Jem say you might go?" again cried the unconscious Kitty.

"Shall be most happy, assure you marm," said Cesar, clasping his hands, and raising them entreatingly. "Take great care of you, nebbler fear."

"Well, I will go," said Mrs. Aniseed, her repugnance conquered by Cesar's good temper; and in a few minutes—for Mrs. Aniseed possessed, perhaps, that highest and most valuable of all the female virtues, a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not *born with*, she was a quick dresser—in a few minutes the three were on their road to Covent Garden theatre. A few minutes more, and they entered the gallery. All things

portended a happy evening, for they were early enough for the front row; Mr. Cesar Gum taking his joyful seat between the ladies.

"Mind the bottle, dear," said Kitty in a low voice to Cesar, who nodded; his eyes sparkling up at the tender syllable. "Such a sweet drop of Madeary from our house, Susan; ha! ha! never mind, Jem."

The gallery filled with holiday-makers and gallery wits. Miss Canary was soon hailed as an old acquaintance; every possible dignity being thrown, like roses, upon her. One apprentice begged to inquire of her "When the Emperor of Chaney was coming over to marry her?" Another asked her, "What she'd take for her diamond ear-rings?" But beautiful was it to behold the nun-like serenity of Miss Canary. She moved among her scoffers, silent and stately, as the ghost of a departed countess. "I mind 'em no more," she observed, as in the course of her vocation she approached Mrs. Aniseed, "no more than the heads of so many door-knockers." Cesar mutely acquiesced in this wisdom; and in an evil hour for him, turning a wrathful face upon the revilers, he diverted all their sport from Miss Canary to himself. "Bill," cried one, "is n't it going to thunder? It looks so very black." "I wish I was a nigger," roared another, "then I'd be a black rose atween a couple of lilies, too." And then other pretty terms, such as, "snowball," "powder-puff," were hurled at Cesar, who sat and grinned in helpless anger at the green curtain. And then poor Mrs. Aniseed! she shifted on her seat, and felt as if that terrible burning-glass which brings into a focus the rays of "the eyes of all the world" was upon her, and she was being gradually scorched to tinder. At length the tragedy, "George Barnwell," began. Kitty was now melted by George, and now put in fever-heat by Millwood, of whom, leaning back to speak to Mrs. Aniseed, she confidentially observed, "I'd have such creturs tore by wild osses." To this Mrs. Aniseed, reciprocating the humanity, curtly replied, "And so would I."

The second act passed, when Kitty exclaimed, in a spasm of delight, "There he is; there's little master. Look at him, Susan—a sweet cretur," and Kitty pointed out a beautiful child, who, with its mother and father, had just entered the boxes. The child was superbly dressed, and when he entered wore a white beaver hat, with a large plume of pink and white feathers. "There he is," again cried Kitty; "we *must* drink his health." Whereupon Cesar produced the bottle, and the health of young St. James—he all the while unconscious of the honor—was drunk in Madeira from his paternal dwelling.

The play proceeded, and Kitty wept and sucked oranges—and wept, and snifted salts, and fifty times declared it was too deep; she'd never come again—and then sucked another orange—and then, when the play was over, said she was glad it was done, though she had never enjoyed herself half so much. And then she said, "After all, I think a good cry sometimes does us good; it makes us remember we are human creturs. But oh, that Millwood, Susan. When women are bad—to be sure it's so werry seldom!—I'm afraid they beat the men." Every tear, however, shed by Kitty at the play, was recompensed by a roaring laugh at the farce. And, at length, brimful of happiness—all being over—the party rose to go home.

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"Did n't you hear Jem say you might go?" again cried the unconscious Kitty.

"Shall be most happy, assure you marm," said Cesar, clasping his hands, and raising them entreatingly. "Take great care of you, nebber fear."

"Well, I will go," said Mrs. Aniseed, her repugnance conquered by Cesar's good temper; and in a few minutes—for Mrs. Aniseed possessed, perhaps, that highest and most valuable of all the female virtues, a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not *born with*, she was a quick dresser—in a few minutes the three were on their road to Covent Garden theatre. A few minutes more, and they entered the gallery. All things

portended a happy evening, for they were early enough for the front row; Mr. Cesar Gum taking his joyful seat between the ladies.

"Mind the bottle, dear," said Kitty in a low voice to Cesar, who nodded; his eyes sparkling up at the tender syllable. "Such a sweet drop of Madeary from our house, Susan; ha! ha! never mind, Jem."

The gallery filled with holiday-makers and gallery wits. Miss Canary was soon hailed as an old acquaintance; every possible dignity being thrown, like roses, upon her. One apprentice begged to inquire of her "When the Emperor of Chaney was coming over to marry her?" Another asked her, "What she'd take for her diamond ear-rings?" But beautiful was it to behold the nun-like serenity of Miss Canary. She moved among her scoffers, silent and stately, as the ghost of a departed countess. "I mind 'em no more," she observed, as in the course of her vocation she approached Mrs. Aniseed, "no more than the heads of so many door-knockers." Cesar mutely acquiesced in this wisdom; and in an evil hour for him, turning a wrathful face upon the revilers, he diverted all their sport from Miss Canary to himself. "Bill," cried one, "is n't it going to thunder? It looks so very black." "I wish I was a nigger," roared another, "then I'd be a black rose atween a couple of lilies, too." And then other pretty terms, such as, "snowball," "powder-puff," were hurled at Cesar, who sat and grinned in helpless anger at the green curtain. And then poor Mrs. Aniseed! she shifted on her seat, and felt as if that terrible burning-glass which brings into a focus the rays of "the eyes of all the world" was upon her, and she was being gradually scorched to tinder. At length the tragedy, "George Barnwell," began. Kitty was now melted by George, and now put in fever-heat by Millwood, of whom, leaning back to speak to Mrs. Aniseed, she confidentially observed, "I'd have such creturs tore by wild osses." To this Mrs. Aniseed, reciprocating the humanity, curtly replied, "And so would I."

The second act passed, when Kitty exclaimed, in a spasm of delight, "There he is; there's little master. Look at him, Susan—a sweet cretur," and Kitty pointed out a beautiful child, who, with its mother and father, had just entered the boxes. The child was superbly dressed, and when he entered wore a white beaver hat, with a large plume of pink and white feathers. "There he is," again cried Kitty; "we *must* drink his health." Whereupon Cesar produced the bottle, and the health of young St. James—he all the while unconscious of the honor—was drunk in Madeira from his paternal dwelling.

The play proceeded, and Kitty wept and sucked oranges—and wept, and snifted salts, and fifty times declared it was too deep; she'd never come again—and then sucked another orange—and then, when the play was over, said she was glad it was done, though she had never enjoyed herself half so much. And then she said, "After all, I think a good cry sometimes does us good; it makes us remember we are human creturs. But oh, that Millwood, Susan. When women are bad—to be sure it's so werry seldom!—I'm afraid they beat the men." Every tear, however, shed by Kitty at the play, was recompensed by a roaring laugh at the farce. And, at length, brimful of happiness—all being over—the party rose to go home.

"Let's see 'em get into the carriage—they need n't see us," said Kitty; and hurriedly they quitted the gallery, and ran to the box-door.

Bright Jem was in the very heat of action; his mouth musical with noblest names. Dukes, marquesses, and earls fell from his lips, as he called carriage after carriage.

"Marquess of St. James' carriage," at length he cried with peculiar emphasis; and a superb equipage rolled to the door. The marquess and marchioness entered the vehicle, and a footman, lifting in the child, in his awkwardness knocked off the boy's superb hat: it rolled along the stones, and—was gone.

There was a sudden astonishment, and then a

sudden cry of "Stop thief!" Constables and Cesar, who, with Mrs. Aniseed and Kitty, had been looking on, gave chase; and in a few moments returned with the hat and the culprit, who, as it appeared, darting from under the horses' legs to the pavement, had caught up the property.

"Here's the hat, my lord!" cried a constable, "and here's the little thief."

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Aniseed, "if it isn't that wretched child."

"I know'd it. I always said it," cried Jem, almost broken-hearted. "I know'd he'd come to it—I know'd it."

It was even so. Young St. Giles was the robber of young St. James.

SONNETS,

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF NICHOL'S "ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS."

I.

WHAT boundless seems to our imperfect view
Is but too vast for fleshly eyes to scan;
Not more capacious than the soul of man,
Nor broader, deeper, than the right, the true:
Courage and Hope, led on by Patience, woo
And win the secrets of the darkest plan;
Mind is in all things victor; nought may ban
The spirit, nor its godlike power subdue.
The glistening page of Heaven that meets our
eye,

May only show a fragment of the scroll,
And One alone may at a glance desery
The perfect beauty of the glorious whole;
Yet sure degrees of knowledge shall supply
Progressive wisdom to the aspiring soul.

II.

Still onward, through the slowly yielding crowd
The eager intellect its devious way
Presses, in wild infinity astray!
Faint whispers gather into utterance loud,
The midnight depth is passed, the heavens are
bowed

And, flashing from all points, in many a ray,
Truth beams with promise of a cloudless day,
And strips the ancient secret of its shroud.
The rock of ages only seems to hide
Its precious waters from the heart's deep thirst;
We need but strike! and from its gushing side,
(Eternal as their source,) fresh streams shall
burst:

Still onward, then; due strength will be supplied:

We master in our foremost foe, our worst.

III.

What truth, what hope, what comfort, O ye
spheres,

Bring ye to man when your deep tale is read?
How may he quell the dark mysterious dread
Your story wakes? how dissipate his fears?
If I have heard with unmistakable ears,
If by no fanciful crude thought misled,
His spirit's fate by yours is imaged
Alike in youth, in manhood, and in years.
If all your glory shines, to be resumed
By dissolution, when your task is done,
Yet younger heavens by you will be illumed
Changed in your order and your forms alone;

Much more the mind to ceaseless life is doom'd,
Which time and space affect not: it is One.

Tait.

THE same view of our relations with France which is said to have set the Duke of Wellington to devise defences for London, probably had an influence in determining the commissioners to recommend the immediate commencement of the works of Dover. It is felt that the death of the present king, or the chances of political intrigue, may at any time—in the course of a day or a week—play the administration of French affairs into the hands of the inveterate war faction. In the event of war, London appears to lie temptingly open to a dash by means of a steam flotilla—an enterprise which, even if successful, could not give France a permanent footing in England, but which might occasion the destruction of an immense amount of property. To guard against such a possibility, the commissioners have probably viewed the stationing of strong squadrons at Dover and Harwich as indispensable. The importance attributed to Dover as a naval station appears to be more the result of habit than of reflection. In the feudal ages, when land battles decided everything and ships were mainly useful as transports, the possession of Dover and Calais—the termini of the shortest passage across the channel—was a great object to the monarchs who were at once Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy; hence Dover came to be called the key to England. And this traditional estimate of its value has survived the period when the passage from Dover to Calais was a ferry within the territory of one monarch, and ships were only used to cross the sea, instead of being, as in our day, floating fortresses and almost permanent abodes. To defeat any attempt at landing west of Dover, Dungeness is obviously as advantageous a station as Dover; perhaps more so, if the hostile preparations are supposed to be made at Boulogne and along the coast west of Cape Gris Nez. For any attempt to effect a landing between Dover and the mouth of the Thames by an armament fitted out at Dunkirk or Ostend, a fleet cruising off Dungeness is quite as favorably placed to watch and obstruct it as one stationed off Dover. Any attack attempted from the more northern continental ports would fall into the province of the Harwich fleet. As to an effort on the part of a steam flotilla to penetrate into the interior by the Thames, Sheerness, and Chatham, a squadron at the Long Reach would be enough to render that impracticable.—*Spectator*, 1 Feb.

From the Christian Observer.

A SHIPWRECK SCENE ON BOARD THE SHEFFIELD.

MANY of our readers are acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Cutler of Brooklyn, New York, who, with Mrs. Cutler, spent several months in England last summer and autumn, on a visit for his health. They were on their voyage homeward exposed to severe tempests: but at length, after many sufferings, the vessel, the Sheffield of Liverpool, arrived within sight of land, and the passengers expected speedily to reach their homes, when it struck, with one hundred and thirty persons on board, upon a shoal amidst furious breakers, and during eleven hours death seemed impending without any hope of escape. The water was rapidly rising; the ship was filling, and was gradually setting in the sea and sand: and the passengers and crew were crowded together, driven at first from the ladies' cabin; then from the aft-cabin; and at length retreating to the round house and deck: and seeing the sea every moment gaining on them. The boats would not hold half the persons on board; nor were they launched, as the captain whisperingly told Dr. Cutler the rush of the mass of the steerage passengers would create dreadful confusion, and probably cause all of them to be swamped. A steamboat was in search of them; but could not see them; night came on; the vessel was beating fearfully: the blue lights and signal rockets were expended all but one; and that was seen by the people in the steamer; who, at great risk to themselves, dashed forward, and brought deliverance; so that not one person perished.

It does not fall within our ordinary province to notice events of this nature; which, alas! are numerous, and oftentimes most awful; but the circumstances which occurred in this case, during the solemn suspense between life and death, are so remarkable, that we think our readers will feel much interested in the following account of them, as related in a letter by our reverend friend before mentioned. The captain (C. W. Popham) appears to have been a devoutly religious man, as well as an able officer. He had public worship twice on Sunday, and daily morning and evening, in the ladies' cabin. The following is Dr. Cutler's account of the occurrence after the ship struck.

"I was on deck when the ship struck. I immediately went down to my wife to afford her consolation. In a few moments all the cabin passengers came in a body to the ladies' cabin, and one of them called for prayer to Almighty God. The ship was then striking with great violence, and threatening almost instant destruction. Kneeling round the table, we poured out our hearts to God. When this prayer was offered, another was put up, and another. By this time the minds of all seemed more calm. We sat down, and some endeavored to encourage others with the hope of being rescued from the wreck. But most of the passengers were silent—revolving over the events which in the short space of an hour had taken place. Prayer was soon again called for by some of the passengers, and it was offered with a fervency and with *responses* from many present which it would be well to continue at all times. An hour had now elapsed. It was now proposed by our commander that we should take some refreshment; this at first was declined

—many exclaiming that they had no appetite for food. Some joints of meat were placed upon the table—but none, I think, partook of them, the agitation of the ship requiring all our attention in order to keep our seats. We then arranged ourselves, the ladies on the sofas, and the gentlemen on the floor—and remained like persons awaiting a summons to ascend the scaffold. It should be remarked, that after the first mental shock was past, a great degree of calmness was acquired by all in the cabin—and soon by all in the ship. Great pains had been taken from the commencement of the voyage to furnish every person who was destitute with the Bible, and every copy of a grant from the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, brought on board by the writer, was given away. Many tracts were also given, and distributed throughout the ship. Divine service had been performed regularly in the cabin and in the steerage, the captain himself taking the prayers as priest in his own house.

"Again, there was among the passengers every form of religious profession: there were Churchmen, Presbyterians, Papists, Baptists, and Methodists. But from first to last, not a note of controversy had been heard. And I verily believe that this absence of contentions, this unity, peace and concord, had great weight with careless men, in inducing a *belief in the truth of that religion* which, under some form or other, all of us maintained. What a delightful prayer was that of our Saviour! 'That they may all be *one*, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.' To these two causes I am inclined to attribute the comparative tranquillity which for ten hours out of twelve was visible.

"But oh! who can reveal what was working under this visible composure! Who can describe the processes of thought which were resorted to in order to accommodate the soul to existing circumstances? Much was perceptible in the expression of the countenance, and in the tones of the voice; and the results of spiritual and intellectual habits long formed were not illegible. From what sprang that ability to seize upon the consolations of religion, and to impart them to others, even while the very flesh was trembling on the bones? Whence sprang that female fortitude, which seemed hardly to desire the sympathy which was uttered or evinced? The previous *life*, the avowed principles and plain practice of every person, now brought forth its proper harvest. How true is it that 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' But whatever were their thoughts, I shall retain a high respect for all my fellow-passengers, on account of their self-possession throughout the whole of this awful night. I saw a gentleman return to the ladies' cabin, after all were driven out of it by the water, to recover some article of clothing for the servant of another passenger, who in the hurry had nothing on her head. And at the last moment of agony, when the captain came to take in his arms a lady to carry her on the deck, I saw her insist upon his taking another lady, who, although unattended by any relative, was entitled to every respect. Indeed, it required sufferings like these to touch the deepest strings in the bosom of refined and cultivated minds.

"During the night, our excellent commander urged us to take refreshment. Bread, and wine and water, were handed round twice or three times at intervals; and oh! how solemn, and to some of us, how *sacramental* the refreshment.

"But previous to our removal to the upper deck, in order to prepare us all, especially the ladies, for the exposure, the captain came down, and recommended that tea and bread should be prepared for us; and then, said he, turning to me, 'and then, sir, let us have prayers.'

"After partaking of this 'last supper,' as we supposed, the 46th Psalm, the 130th and the 107th Psalms, and the 27th chapter of the Acts, were read; a hymn was sung, and prayers were offered. It will not appear strange that after this, even cheerfulness was in some measure acquired. It was now near midnight; previous to this, however, while the moments were slowly departing with a leaden step, one of the clergymen present selected from the Bible a text, and delivered a short but appropriate discourse, mingling the most pointed and personal application to his hearers, and especially to all who had not yet publicly decided to be on the Lord's side. The text was, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, (surely we were in a waste howling wilderness then,) even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii.)

"It was now drawing towards midnight, and we had all been driven from below to the upper deck. We sat in a dense mass, looking at each other, and at death, which was staring us in the face. Our captain was standing half-way down the companion ladder, that he might converse with one and another, whose sorrows found vent in words.

"It was about this time that the captain invited the writer to go out with him and see the beauty of the night; and such a scene of sublimity and desolation I never beheld. The ship, stripped of its masts, lay weltering in the sea and in the sand, and appeared like the top of a long black tomb. On our right (the night had cleared, and the moon was bright) appeared the shore of Long Island, about eight miles distant; in front, those of Staten Island; and here we were in solitary possession of an immense shoal covered with waves, in which a boat could not live, and with no appearance of help. The moon was, indeed, bright; but it seemed only a torch to light us to the grave. Light-houses were sparkling at different points; the heavens were glittering over our heads; but its cold wind compelled us to retire to the round-house for shelter, and for fellowship in affliction. It was now that the writer gave up all hope for life; and taking his seat beside one from whom he did not expect to be separated for a moment, even in death, (O, what a bond is *Christian* affection between man and wife!) he endeavored to reconcile himself and others to the will of God.

"The first hour on the wreck was one of excitement, agitation, lamentation, and visible and audible suffering. The last hour was one of silent and heart-rending, but smothered, agony. All had made up their minds; all had acquired fortitude; perhaps from different sources; all were subdued, affectionate and respectful to each other. Social prayer, which had been resorted to again and again below deck, seemed now to be a dispensation which had passed away, and given place to that individual application to the Saviour of souls which immediately precedes death. Every soul seemed wrapped in its own meditations.

"Our watches now told us that midnight was past: and the *tide*, which the captain had said would go down and leave the ship dry in the cabin,

continued to rise within, while by the almanac it had been falling for two hours or more outside the ship. Alas! some of us knew that it was a *tide*, which, so far as we were concerned, would never go down. One gentleman observing his watch to have run down, took his key to wind it up, but suddenly stopped, and said, 'I shall have no *further use for time*,' and replaced it in his pocket in its silent and death-like sleep.

"It was about this time that a steerage passenger on the deck gave notice that an object in the distance appeared to be approaching. There was a rush to that side of the ship, but nothing could be seen. The officers of the ship looked, but gave no encouragement. Shortly, this person again made the same report; all eyes were again employed, but in vain. A third exclamation was uttered; and now the captain placed himself where the best sight could be obtained, and after looking through his glass, expressed *hope*, and then, confidence. A few sparks were emitted from the dark mass, and a shout pealed from the deck, 'A steamer has arrived.' Who can tell what was felt at this moment? God grant that none of the readers of this may ever know the transition which was then experienced.

"Parents and children embraced; husbands and wives, nay, strangers were seen clasping each other, and expressing and uttering their awful joy. A young man burst into the centre of the crowd, and said to the writer, 'Now let us *praise God*!' He rose and repeated the doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;' and then arose a hymn of praise from one hundred voices on that dark deck, accompanied by the deep bass of the surrounding billows—which bore upwards the gushing emotions of our hearts, and rendered to Him to whom it was due the whole praise of our deliverance. In six hours afterwards, we were at home."

No blame attached to the captain, who had taken a pilot on board, and acted, throughout the trying scene, in the most firm, judicious and exemplary manner. In acknowledging the gift of a Family Bible presented by several of the passengers, after their landing, in testimony of their gratitude, he says:—"This holy Book, as it is the most appropriate testimony which you, gentlemen, could have given of your approbation of my conduct, so, I assure you, it is the most acceptable which I could have received. From early infancy I have been taught to love, esteem and reverence it as the polar star of my course through life, and the sheet anchor of my hopes hereafter."

WONDERFUL EXPLOIT OF BENJAMIN CLOUGH.

THE whaling ship Sharon, of Fairhaven, having been some time cruising for whales in the vicinity of the Caroline Islands, put in at Ascension, the 15th of October, 1842, for wood, water and recruits. The requisite supplies being obtained, preparations were made to proceed upon the voyage, when eleven of the crew deserted, and being secreted and protected on shore, all efforts to retake them were fruitless. The ship sailed again on the 27th October, with a crew of seventeen men, all told, four of whom were natives of King's Mill Groupe, and two of other islands in the South Sea. The intention was to touch at Bay of Islands or Port Jackson, to make up the complement of men.

On Sunday, Nov. 6th, lat. 2° 20' N., lon. 162°

E., whales were raised, and both boats lowered in chase, leaving Captain Norris, a Portuguese boy, named Manuel Jose des Reis, who acted as steward, and three of the King's Mill Islanders, on board. The boats soon succeeded in capturing a whale, which the ship ran down to and took alongside—they continuing in pursuit of others. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the mate's boat being about a mile and a half from the ship, her signal was discovered at half mast, and he immediately pulled towards her. The singular and unaccountable management of the ship for some time previous, had already been remarked by those in the boat, and excited the liveliest apprehensions as they approached her. Coming up upon her quarter within speaking distance, the boy who was aloft, and had cut the main-top gallant halyards, told Mr. Smith, the mate, that the Islanders had killed Captain Norris, and were in possession of the ship. Just then, one of them, armed with a cutting spade and entirely naked, leaped upon the taffrail, and, brandishing his weapon with most furious and menacing gestures, dared the crew to come on board. The other two were also naked, and stationed one at each side of the ship, where they had collected all the whaling craft, billets of wood, hammers, belaying-pins, in short, everything that would serve as a missile or offensive weapon, determined to repel any attempt to board. The fourth native of the same islands was in the boat, and one of the mutineers addressed him in his own language, telling him, it was supposed, what they had done, and inviting him to join them. He made a gesture of disapproval, upon which the other caught up the cook's axe and hurled it at him with such precision of aim, though a ship's length distant, that it cut through the back of his shirt as he stooped to avoid the blow. A shower of missiles followed, thrown with such force, that the bone belaying-pins were broken into several pieces on striking the boat, but fortunately no one was seriously injured by them. The mate then ordered Manuel to cut the main-top gallant sheets and maintopsail halyards, and to go forward on the stay and cut the halyards of the head sails and clear them from the yards, which was done. The task of retaking the ship was evidently one of extreme difficulty and danger, for the mutineers had the advantages of position and a plentiful supply of arms, with the resolution and skill to use them effectively, so that the second mate and his crew, who had in the mean time come up, were called to consult upon the best course to pursue.

It was proposed that both boats should advance and board the ship, one upon each side, at the same time; but Mr. Smith, upon whom, by the melancholy catastrophe on board, the responsibility and duties of master had devolved, thought that a proper regard for the interest of the owners, as well as for the safety of the men under his command, required him to avoid all personal risk, for which reason he proposed that both crews should take the other boat and proceed to the ship, leaving him alone to await the issue. This proposal met with no favor, the men declaring a wish rather to start for the nearest land, five or six days' sail distant, and the second mate relishing it so little that he suffered his boat to drop astern out of talking distance. Mr. Clough, the third mate, who acted as Mr. Smith's steersman since the ship was short manned, had darted his lance several times at the naked savage on the rail, but for want of sufficient warp it fell short three or four feet at

each trial; he requested therefore that the boat might be pulled within reach, as the fellow kept his position without flinching, and insolently defied him; but the mate thought the danger too great, and refused to gratify him. He then offered to go on board over the bows, if the boy would cut the fore-royal stay and let the end fall overboard, so that he could ascend by it to the jib-boom with a lance warp in his teeth: but Manuel had become so exhausted, by fright and fatigue, that he was unable to get up to the royal mast-head to execute his part of the task.

His next plan, and the one he executed, was, that both boats should pull ahead of the ship, and when it was quite dark, taking every precaution to avoid exciting the suspicions of the mutineers, he would jump into the sea, and passing close by the side of the ship, enter her by the cabin windows. The ship and boats were surrounded by sharks, attracted probably by the carcass of the whale killed in the morning, to defend himself against which, he took a boat-knife in his teeth, and let himself into the water as silently as possible. At the same moment the ship took aback, and it became necessary to swim—but to "strike out" and make the best of his way, would cause a sparkling of the water, and betray his approach to the look-out, so that he was obliged to "walk water," by which scarcely any agitation was made, and almost as little progress. It was a tedious passage of more than an hour and a half in duration, terminated at length by diving under the ship, seizing the rudder at the heel, and ascending by the after part of it to the starboard cabin window, through which he made his entry. Two large sharks were close to the boat when he left her, and kept him company the whole time without offering to molest him, and the knife, which luckily had been useless, he left upon the transom as he got in at the window.

He then divested himself of his clothing, that the enemy might have no advantage over him on the score of nakedness should they come to close quarters, and applied himself to listening to the movements upon deck; as these indicated that there were yet no suspicions of his presence, he proceeded to search for arms and ammunition. Two cutlasses were soon found, and amongst all the muskets, two only were fit for service, so far as he could judge by careful handling—it was too dark to see. Every locker and drawer in the cabin was ransacked for powder and ball, which being found, the muskets were loaded, and placed with the cutlasses at the foot of the cabin stairs. While engaged in loading a fowling piece, he heard a step in the gangway, and some one descended the stairs, hitting the arms at the bottom and knocking them down upon the floor. Mr. Clough ran to the spot, but unable to see anything, groped about by the intruder's feet, till he caught hold of a cutlass, with which he run him through the body; as he drew it out, a struggle ensued for the weapon, and both fell on the floor—the officer luckily uppermost; planting his knee upon his breast, he took out one of his eyes, and with a good deal of trouble, brought the edge of the sword to bear upon the back of his neck, and made an attempt to cut off his head—he pulled it back and forth several times; but it was an awkward operation, for the other kept hold of the sword and struggled violently, wounding Mr. C. severely by twisting the blade several times in his hand.

After a while he became quiet, and supposing

him to be dead, Mr. C. got up; but the other immediately rose and struck about furiously with the cutlass, hitting him at almost every pass, until, exhausted probably by loss of blood, he uttered a slight groan and fell upon the floor. Going again to the stairs, the officer saw another in the gangway with a cutting spade pointed towards him, when feeling for a loaded musket, he succeeded, after snapping twice, in putting a ball through his heart. At the same moment the spade dropped, or was thrown down, taking effect in the thick part of Mr. Clough's arm, and the blood gushed so violently from the wound, that he supposed the artery to be severed, and began to give way to unpleasant reflections, when the third came to the gangway, armed also with a spade, and endeavored to look into the darkness below. Mr. C. made several ineffectual attempts to gain another musket, but his right hand and left arm were both disabled. The man stood still a few minutes, then dropped his spade and walked forward. Mr. Clough now hailed the boats, which were so near that he could hear the conversation going on amongst the men. He told them that two of the mutineers were dead, himself dangerously wounded, and urged them to hasten on board. They said they did not believe that more than one had been killed, as they had heard but one gun, and did not consider it prudent for them to come near him; so the wounded man had to sit down and suffer his blood to flow, for his right hand had become so stiff and sore that he could not use it to place a bandage on his arm. More than half an hour having elapsed since the hail, and no further news being heard, the boats ventured alongside.

A light being struck and brought into the cabin, the floor was found covered with the blood of both combatants. The man who had first entered the cabin was reclining on the transom, still grasping the cutlass, and with it the boat knife left by Mr. C. when he came on board; one of his eyes hung upon his cheek, and his body was covered with gore; he was still alive, but did not move, and made no noise but a kind of suppressed groan. One of the men stabbed him twice with a boat spade, and Mr. Smith discharged a musket at him; he was then caught by the hair, dragged upon deck, and thrown into the sea. The deck presented a shocking spectacle—all dabbled and tracked with clotted blood; the mangled and headless body of the unfortunate captain was lying there, as was that of one of his murderers, which was unceremoniously thrown over the side, while the remains of Captain Norris were collected and reserved for burial the next day. The surviving mutineer jumped overboard and swam some distance from the ship, but returned during the night and hid himself in the forehold. When the crew attempted to take him out, the next day, he made some show of resistance, but at last came on deck and surrendered himself. He was put in irons, and taken to Sydney, where he was left in prison when the ship sailed.

The Sharon completed her voyage, under the command of Mr. Smith, more successfully than could have been expected after such a melancholy and disheartening interruption—Mr. Clough remaining on board as second mate. To his daring and almost unaided exertions are to be attributed

the return of a valuable ship and cargo, and, what is far more important, the preservation of the surviving crew from the miserable fate which must have overtaken them had they persisted in seeking the nearest land in their boats. The owners of the Sharon have shown their appreciation of his services by giving him the command of a fine ship, and it is to be presumed that other parties who have escaped a heavy loss, will not withhold such a testimonial of their approval, as will at once gratify him and incite others, under like circumstances, to emulate his conduct.

'T IS LONG SINCE WE HAVE MET, OLD FRIEND!

'T is long since we have met, old friend!
And time hath wayward been;
To leave us but the pleasant thought
Of days we both have seen,
When joyous hours we pass'd, old friend!
And knew none other love
But that which knit our hearts in one,
And age could only prove.

'T is long since we have met, old friend!
But I remember well
The smile that won me to thy side,
The kindly voice that fell
Like sunshine on my grief, old friend!
When shadows gathered round;
And still, methinks, in solitude
I hear that welcome sound.

'T is long since we have met, old friend!
And mentally I trace
Thine unforgett'n lineaments,
No absence can efface.
It may be many a line, old friend!
Is added to thy brow;
But I would fain behold in thee
My childhood's playmate now.

'T is long since we have met, old friend!
And many a star that shone,
When we were travellers on the road,
To brighter homes are gone.
And we, who watched their rise, old friend!
And saw them in their set,
Survive—to ponder o'er the past,
And fondly to regret.

'T is long since we have met, old friend!
And longer still may be;
But, truthful yet, my spirit clings
In fellowship with thee.
And, though wide, wide apart, old friend!
The world can never break
The tie that, bound in social love,
Endures for friendship's sake!—*Bentley.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RETROSPECT OF THE DEPARTED.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

COLERIDGE—SIR JAMES HALL—MACKINTOSH—
BLANCO WHITE—OLIVIA SERRES—CHARLES
MILLS—MISS LONDON.

My earliest recollections are of Coleridge, taking me upon his knee, and telling me, with a plaintive voice, and with an emphasis that I can never forget, the story of Mary of Buttermere, then a recent subject of popular discourse. His pallid face, his long black hair, suffered, with the characteristic affectation of Coleridge's younger days, to fall about his neck—the appealing tones of his voice—the earnest gaze which he fastened upon my puzzled countenance, and the simple eloquence with which he told the story, are still present with me. Tears ran down his cheeks—for his were feelings that could be conjured up instantaneously. I must not omit to say, that this little scene was enacted before a large circle of admiring and sympathetic young women—my elder sisters amongst the most approving—and whilst philosophers and literati looked on.

The poet visited the house at which I was staying, in the capacity of travelling companion to one of the most amiable and accomplished of men, a son of the great Wedgwood: an invalid, of a mind equal in delicacy to his drooping and sensitive frame. He was on his road to Naples, where he died of consumption, enjoying, on his death-bed, the reflection that he had been the first to discern the talents of Davy, whom he had encountered culling plants from the rocks near Penzance, and whom he introduced to Dr. Beddoes. He might also consider that he had, by his liberality, smoothed the rugged path of Coleridge's mid-way career; for the poet was at that time in great necessity.

The next occasion on which I beheld Coleridge was, when lecturing to a fashionable audience at the Royal Institution. He came unprepared to lecture. The subject was a literary one, and the poet had either forgotten to write, or left what he had written at home. His locks were now trimmed, and a conscious importance gleamed in his eloquent eyes, as he turned them towards the fair and noble heads which bent down to receive his apology. Every whisper—and there were some hundreds of ladies present—was hushed, and the poet began. I remember there was a stateliness in his language, and the measured tones did not fall so pleasantly upon my ear, as the half-whispered accents in which "Mary of Buttermere" was described to my childish understanding. "He must acknowledge," he said, "his error—the lecture was *not*; but the assembly before him must recollect, that the Muses would not have been old maids, except for want of a dowry." The witticism was received with as much applause as a refined audience could decorously manifest, and the harangue proceeded. I began to think, as Coleridge went on, that the lecture had been left at home on purpose; he was so eloquent—there was such a combination of wit and poetry in his similes—such fancy, such a finish in his illustrations: yet, as we walked home after the lecture, I remember that we could not call to mind any real instruction, distinct impression, or new fact imparted to us by the great theorist. It was all fancy, flourish, sentiment, that we had heard.

Sir James Hall, the father of the now noted Captain Basil Hall, was the next object of my early reminiscences. He was a very peculiar being—shrewd, reflective, and scientific. He came to visit us, in order to watch the chemical processes in a manufactory near to us. This was his object: his recreation was tormenting and frightening us poor children, by making faces behind our chairs, then touching us to call our attention; swinging us so high that our little feet touched the tree-tops, and we screamed with terror: springing upon us from behind a holly-bush, or pushing us down upon half-broken ice, then rescuing us with a rude kindness. His mornings were given to deep scientific pursuits, grave thoughts, elaborate researches: his evenings—how like all Scotsmen—to jigs, and practical jokes: yet he was simple and gentle as the children whom he loved, and who loved him; and we heard of his departure, protracted week after week, with sorrow.

Sir James was succeeded in our circle of friends by the far-famed Leslie, that prince of philosophic coxcombs; who, with round shining face, and sleek hair, descended from his travelling-carriage to step, smirking and ogling, into our well-filled drawing-room. Fat, coarse, and vain, the great precursor of Davy elicited nothing but suppressed laughter from the fair circle of merry girls whom he strove to fascinate. He was profound—far more profound, we are told, than our friend Sir James Hall: but he was a self-worshipper, the idol of an Edinburgh coterie, whose praises rang in his ears as he descended to our southern sphere. A strange compound of love and chemistry, it was well for Leslie that he lived not in these degenerate days, when his splendid attainments would not have rescued his absurdities from periodical ridicule, his person from caricaturists, nor his society from being pronounced an infliction.

Years passed away; and when, by matured perceptions and improved intellect, I was enabled to appreciate such a privilege, I had the happiness of knowing Mackintosh.

Our dawning acquaintance was heightened into a something less close than friendship, more intimate than ordinary acquaintance, by an illness with which I was afflicted. It resembled, at first, the fatal disease of which a favorite daughter had recently died, and the sensitive feelings of the most amiable of men were touched by the detail of symptoms which recalled the anguish which he had endured. He called almost daily to inquire after my health, and supplied me with books, admirably chosen for the diversion of an invalid, whose weakened mind could not grasp what was abstruse, yet whose nerves might not sustain the impression of exciting fiction. Amongst other books, he thus introduced me to Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," that charming little work, which Mackintosh warmly applauded; and no one could more delicately and critically enter into those masterly estimates of the merits of each novelist, with which Scott has enriched this work. "I love fiction so much," said Sir James to me one day, "that there is a sort of rivalry between me and C—s G—t which can get hold first of the last new novel."

During my recovery from the illness referred to, I used to sit at a window, and watch the slow steps of Sir James as he paced to and fro the walks of a garden near. Drooping as his figure now was—for he was approaching his sixtieth

year—there was yet something noble in that tall, athletic form, reared among the hills of Invernesshire, but recently shaken in its strength by the enfeebling latitudes of India. Calm, but pensive, was the expression of Sir James' countenance at that period. All fiery passions were in him suppressed by the truest philosophy, the most perfect and practical benevolence. But disappointment, perhaps, that his resplendent talents had long spent their force in remote and thankless exertions, the indifference of some political and early friends, the unmerited estrangement of others; the conviction that his own opinions, carefully weighed, and slowly brought to maturity, were far too moderate for the rising faction, far too liberal for that whose sun was setting, must have brought painful and anxious thoughts to the heart of one too disinterested to grieve for his own privation, but naturally desirous of employing those powers, of which he could not but be conscious.

Such reflections may have accounted for the sadness, not to call it gloom, which was always dispelled from the countenance of Mackintosh when a friend, or even acquaintance approached; for he really loved society, nay, somewhat depended on it; not shutting up his thoughts and feelings from the few, and disburdening them solely on the public, but imparting freely, easily, not voluminously and ponderously, the workings of his stored and reflective mind. His prodigious memory was so chastised by judgment, as never to overpower. He needed not the foil of ordinary minds to set off his mental superiority. Among the select of France and England, by the side of Hallam and Sismondi, he surpassed all other minds in the extent of his knowledge and freshness of ideas. With Cuvier and Herschel, the accomplished philosopher, great in science almost as in literature, shone forth—in conversational tact, and in that quiet repartee, which, uttered by his lips, was pointed, but never caustic, he could cope with Jeffrey.

I saw him in his decline, but a few weeks before he was gathered to the tomb. It was after the slight, but fatal accident that brought into play lurking mischief in the constitution, had occurred, that I took a last farewell of the historian and philosopher, whose works a more thinking age is beginning fully to comprehend and to value. His face was then blanched almost to an unearthly hue; and the first conviction that I felt on looking at my revered friend was, that his shattered frame could sustain no fresh attack of disease. Alas! the axe was then laid to the root of the tree. I knew it not; but though he scarcely partook of any food, save the sparsest and lightest, I trusted that he was convalescent. Never did I see him more cheerful. An early friend of his family, a Scottish lady of condition, upwards of eighty, sat at his hospitable board, and recalled to him the days of Adam Smith, whom Sir James Mackintosh just remembered, and spoke of the childhood of Harry Brougham, Frank Horner, and James Mackintosh, as if they were but young men still, and she—already stepping into the grave, in her prime:—a happy illusion, with which let none seek to interfere.

In Hampstead churchyard—his grave only marked by a plain stone, no inscription save that of his name and age—lie the remains of this truly great, and truly good man. They repose by the side of the daughter whose death has been referred to; and near to a yew-tree, against which,

as the clergyman who read the funeral service over that daughter informed me, Sir James Mackintosh leaned, during the solemn rites, in an agony of grief; often have I stood by it since, and recalled those lines of Cowper (that poet whose genius, and whose misfortunes ever met with deep sympathy from Mackintosh):—

“Could one wish bring thee, would I wish thee here!

I dare not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might:
But, no; what we here call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and *thou* so much,
That I should ill requite thee to restrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.”

Who now remembers the man about whom all England was at one time talking, Blanco White? What a treasure he would be to some parties, could he arise from his grave, and lay bare again the secrets of the brotherhood to which he belonged. I never liked him: young and unused as I was in the world, and before my initiation even into an university world, I always distrusted that meek, smooth face—that bland manner, caustic nevertheless, on some points. He was then a red-hot, fiery, zealous protestant—the character is *not* Christian, assert it who may. It may be useful to a party, it may be sincere—I believe it; but the man who brings the bitterness of party spirit to bear upon the holiest, the mildest, the purest of themes, may be a polemic, but he cannot be a practical Christian.

Many people doubted Blanco White's sincerity; I did not—for the time. He was a man, to judge by his writings, more than from any personal knowledge of him, who took up any one side of a question with an earnestness that had much of the Jesuit in it, for it was varnished over with the most exquisite air of moderation. He died an Unitarian—most people were surprised—I was not. I am never surprised at the violent going from the south pole to the north; their consistency is alone a matter of wonder.

To return to Blanco White. I never could look at him, without recalling the former monk to my mind's eye, and fancy him singing motets and requiems with his brethren. It was a monk-like face—long, very long, white, smooth: there was an air of subdued determination, if one may use such a word—he looked like a man who had lived by rule, as if the passions had been subjected to discipline.—Ah! I could not help shaping out the tonsure on his head, and figuring to myself a cowl on his shoulders, or fancying him in a long, black, serge robe.

I wonder whether any one ever enjoyed the singular fortune that I had, of seeing Mrs. Olivia Serres in respectable society—of hearing that queen-like looking creature talk naturally, and sanely; and of having the especial honor of being introduced to her two daughters, Britannia and Cordelia.

Mrs. Serres was not then either the Princess Olivia, or the Princess of Poland, but the undoubted wife of Mr. Serres, landscape painter by appointment to the royal family. She was very handsome—at least, I thought her so; rouged, tall, fat, audacious. There was a mystery made by the family at whose house we met her, touching her birth—they believed in it, good creatures—an aged bookseller and his deaf wife; the most

trusting, because the most honest and benevolent people in the world.

I remember Mrs. Serres telling us the story of her uncle, Dr. Wilmot's house, near Coventry being broken into; and her interesting, by her courage and beauty, one of the robbers, and his sparing her some favorite trinket, and her afterwards appearing against him at the Warwick assizes, where—and I can quite believe it—she excited the admiration of every one by her unparalleled replies during a severe cross-examination. She told the story well. She had patient, and admiring listeners; and I remember—I was not twelve—being somewhat awed by the names her daughters had: I felt honored by catching Britannia at blind-man's buff, and could hardly believe that it was really Cordelia who laughed so loud at hunt the slipper. I suppose royalty was in her head when these names were bestowed. At that time, however, Mrs. Serres depended a good deal upon the lavish bounty of a half-witted gentleman, who believed firmly in her claims, and worshipped her beauty. Some years afterwards, I heard of her greeting the late Duke of York out of her window, as "Cousin Frederick." This was quite consistent with her effrontery in private life.

Coeval with my acquaintance with him, and between the period of boyhood and of college, was my more matured friendship with Charles Mills. Charles Mills! I think I hear those of my grand-children who may, at some future time, pick up this retrospect, among old bills, or old letters, ask, "Who was Charles Mills?" I answer, "Many a worse man, many a writer with one third of his knowledge, has lived, and does live, whilst *he* is chiefly to be found in a dusty back room, (that is, his remains,) at Messrs. Longmans', Paternoster Row.

He was one of that race, my child, or children who may scan what this hand now writes, (having done, thank Heaven! for the present with these papers from Lincoln's Inn)—of a race quite gone by—clean expunged from society—a laborious gentleman writer. A man of independent circumstances, not rich, who chose, from the love of letters, and the desire of fame, to dedicate himself to the fabrication of long historical works, the very subjects of which would drive our present authors to despair. History of Mohammedanism—History of the Crusades—History of Chivalry—admirable, neglected works, written in a too ambitious style, with the ghost of Gibbon always in the writer's view, presiding over his library table, but excellent, nevertheless—and, my daughters, or grand-daughters, or great grand-daughters, they were *pure*! The subjects were delicately handled; for their writer had an infinite sense of what was seemly, and was a Christian writer.

He was, indeed, a sort of knight-errant in his notions of ladies, of whom he knew little enough, though he loved their society. I well remember the deference of his manner to them—how seldom he ventured to raise his fine, dark, beaming eyes to gaze on any young beauty. Yet, he was, though when I knew him inclining to the old bachelor, by no means unsusceptible. But he lived in an ideal world. He lived with Gray, Pope, Addison. His intimate associates were Warton, and Thomson; the companions of his lighter hours, Lady Mary Wortley, and Swift, or perhaps, Mrs. Centlivre, or Mrs. Oldfield—no scandal! I mean to say, he spoke in their language, he almost thought their thoughts. He

was remarkably conversant with dramatic literature, and I doubt not, was one of those who understood every point of a good actor, from John Kemble down to Blanchard. His quotations, in society, were infinite—his manner gentle, but not devoid of pedantry. Pedantry! What an antiquated characteristic! Like the stage-coaches, it will soon be a mark of age to remember that such a failing was ever known. With it, there has passed away the race of close readers—the habit of accuracy—the love and the knowledge of the old writers.

I was on the top of a Cambridge coach when I passed, one day, the lodgings where my poor friend Mills lived. I saw him at the window, his face looked pale, I thought—he was standing, too, unemployed. A faint smile passed across his face as he saw me. I called to the guard, and jumped off, carrying my carpet bag with me. Absolutely the dear fellow came down to the door to meet me. I never saw a frame more shattered. He had been ill, broken a blood-vessel, he told me, in his weak accents, (he stuttered a little,) but was doing remarkably well now. Alas! He had wintered in Pisa years before for that same melancholy symptom. I never saw him more. He took me into his room, up-stairs, well lined with well-preserved books, neat as a don's rooms, with a good fire, a disused desk, an easy chair, and prints of one or two favorite authors over the chimney-piece. I recollect, lad as I was, envying all this comfort. Poor Mills! it was an easy, cheerful decline, I heard; he was never well enough to admit, after that, such harum scarum fellows as myself. I do not believe he was more than thirty-six years old when he died.

I had left college, when fate introduced me to Miss Landon. How could my mother, fate's instrument, let me run such a risk? I can recollect her when she lived in Sloane street with her grandmother; indeed, I remember her before that time. I recall her exactly: short, not slight, with a most blooming, glowing complexion, beautiful teeth, expression; everything but features—that is, the features were insignificant—they were not unpleasing. She could not have been above eighteen, but she had a fashion of wearing a fanciful little cap on the top of her head, and that suited her exactly. It was an eccentric appearance that she made. She dressed then upon an idea—a sweeter voice I never heard; I mean in speaking. I do not believe that she sang, or that she had any knowledge of music. She had an inborn courtesy of manner, that flattered you, whether she wished it or not: a warm, excitable nature. We met, one evening—but stay—I must sit and think of her awhile. She is too precious a remembrance to be merely made notes of. I should like here to record all that I knew of her, felt for her, heard of her. I must sit down to do it more at my leisure.

I said that I must think of L. E. L. Think of her! When do I not think of her! What is the street, in all that there really is, of London, (that is, west of Portland Place and south of Oxford street,) in which her pleasant voice, her quick step, are *not* at some moment or other present with me?

The remembrance is intermingled with a strange diversity of objects; grave and gay, attractive and revolting:—but let me not moralize, I am not old enough for that yet. She is gone! I will mix up my colors, prepare my pallet, extend my can

vass, and strive to paint her as she was. Nature never made a warmer heart to beat; her affections were concentrated in a few objects; but they were strong and unchangeable; in her attachments she was constant, whether they might be directed to her few relations, or to an early friend, or even to an old servant. In her likings this child of fancy was variable, and, I am apt to think, her usual regards never sank skin-deep into her heart. How could they? There were such large demands made upon her good-will; she had such dozens of very particular dear friends; such scores of admirers and worshippers; but stop; let me not forestall; this was not when I first knew her.

I saw her gradually rise into celebrity, out of a very picturesque retirement—her sojourn with an aged grandmother. I well remember the old-fashioned gentlewoman whose comforts the young poetess consulted with as minute a care as if she had herself had Mrs. Rundell for her godmother, and Dr. Kitchener for her godfather. Every habit, grown into a necessity of old age, every peculiarity, was indulged by L. E. L. with a sweetness of temper that was afterwards shaken, I cannot say changed, by the injustice and envy of society, and by a life of incessant mental exertion. It was during her residence with her grandmother that I first saw a cloud on that clear brow, and observed the sparkling eye thoughtful and downcast. It was during that period of her life that the slander which more or less pursued her through her brilliant, but oftentimes, believe me, weary career, had its origin in some black heart. Thank Heaven! I have a man's privilege to swear—but of what avail is resentment now!

I knew that the poisoned arrow had wounded—I saw its effects; but was it for me, a young, raw college simpleton, to show that I even had heard of the disgusting surmise? No! it was enough to pray to Fate that I might be indulged with the good old-fashioned weapon of a horsewhip some day—and I wish I had, too—but 't is over now.

My sisters, I know, preached prudence, above all in dress and manners; but prudence was not a part of that guileless composition. Our gifted friend defied slander, and gaily referring to the hosts of well-bred and titled dames who visited and caressed her, asked "If any one believed it?" Could any one have the heart to answer "Yes?" And yet the rumor grew and spread, and spread and grew; it ran its course underground; people were mighty civil to her face; but they inflicted on her friends the torture of hearing certain questions in her absence. Who could tell her of it? Not I—I could not have vexed her for the world.

I believe it was as well for me, that just as I had had the courage to ask the opinion of L. E. L. upon some poetic effusion of my own (the usual infliction on literary friends,)—just as she had presented me with an annual "Friendship's Offering," then all the rage, I was apprized that my commission in the —th was obtained, and I was, luckily I suppose, sent off to Canada. I went to take leave of L. E. L., and found her sitting in her little drawing-room: I often look at the house; 't is a poulterer's shop now, I verily believe, in Sloane street. I found L. E. L. chatting with an antique lady of literary fame, Miss Spence, arranging, if I remember aright, to join a party at Miss Benger's in some street—heavens! how it chills one even to write it now—beyond that *ultima Thule*, Brunswick Square. I was, I fancied, *de trop*; there seemed to be so much

business, the end of which was pleasure, and so much pleasure, which had all the fatigue of business, on hand. I felt stupid, and was almost choked, as I thrust out my great boyish hand to grasp the small, taper fingers of L. E. L. But I was repaid by her smile, and her compliment, which was uttered in her happiest way; a kind wish, with a dash of exaggeration in the turning of it; the compliment was a perfect hyperbole; I lived upon it some time, nevertheless. She ran after me down stairs, and put "The Fate of Adelaide," into my hands. "T was my first poem," she said; "perhaps you will be so very good as to read it; I believe no one else has." I grasped it greedily, and ran off. "The Fate of Adelaide," (a name extremely vulgarized since the Queen Dowager "came in," as we say,) was written when L. E. L. was only fifteen; it was published: the bookseller failed, or she would have had 50*l.* for it. So, the first great event of her life began with a disappointment; the last—ah! But I am a fool for dwelling upon *that*. To return to "The Fate of Adelaide." It was dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, the early, constant friend of Mrs. Landon, the mother of L. E. L. Singularly enough, Miss Sarah Siddons, the beloved of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the early victim—to her great mother's infinite anguish of heart—of consumption, worked the first cap that ever was put on Letitia Landon's head, when a baby. Could the Muses have done more for her?

I think it was about the year 1830, that I passed my first Christmas in London after being frozen in those Canadas. I was much behindhand, as most travellers are, in my literary knowledge. James' first novel was new to me; I had had but a glimpse of the bright comet that dashed across the horizon in the course of Bulwer. Now and then I had picked up a *Literary Gazette*, and had always caught at a fragment of L. E. L.'s poetry in the critiques, with that sort of serene, elderly love, which healthily supplies the place of young enthusiasm. I remember being touched, almost to tears, with her Erinna; it is the mournful strain of an isolated being, and it had not quite ceased to tinge my notion of the writer, when I happened to be at a sort of winter party, the dullest thing in creation, in London; one of those remarkably prosy occasions—either New Year's Eve, or Twelfth Night—one of those occasions in which one is ordered by Act of Parliament to be merry, but on which, from the sinfulness of our natures, we generally prefer to be dull.

It had been a friendly dinner-party. I was the first gentleman to mount up stairs, and to enter—a crow amid a covey of delicate wood-pigeons—the sacred precincts of the drawing-room. On these occasions, a deep silence usually succeeds the clatter of the ladies—Heaven knows what they talk about after dinner! I heard an expiring lamentation upon the prevalence of measles, from two mammas, across the circle, and a last trait of the last baby from another delicate little matron, and then all was still; when suddenly the door opened, and a lady, young and fair, and dressed in that style that marks a mixture with all sorts of society, came into the circle. I remember her very dress; it was of scarlet—cashmere, do the women call it!—so very bright! and her hair, which used to be in little curls, was braided flat on her forehead. I thought her grown; she was stouter—a little; and the same fresh, clear complexion, the gentle voice, and ready compliment were there—it was L. E. L.!

The recognition—but let that pass—it fills my eyes with tears when I think of it. Yet I do not believe that she cared about me—it was the general, yet hearty kindness of her nature, the ready sympathy with every feeling, that dictated that cordial welcome home to the soldier, uncouth in ideas from long ramblings—more American than English;—as shy as ever, but as romantic too. With all this, I always found myself at ease with L. E. L. Let the world say what it likes, her deportment with gentlemen, and with young men in particular, was at once correct and natural. She disregarded censure, because she was unconscious of any design to ensnare those who sought her society into professions of admiration, and in fact, she was only not natural when she attempted to throw off her manifest indifference to what is generally called flirtation. I never saw her lose the modesty and dignity of a well-educated gentlewoman; indeed, she was one who, in her heart—I will not say, to outward appearance—justly appreciated the various kinds of tributes offered to her genius, or to her attractions;—I do not use the word beauty; she had never any distinct claims to that attribute of mighty sway.

From the evening of our recognition we became fast friends. Do not smile, fair reader. I am a widower now; and the bond which tied me was framed even during the very period of my long, frequent visits to a certain corner house in the lugubrious enclosure of Hans Place, Chelsea. I sometimes turn out of my way to look at that silent square, wherein, in a house dedicated to the purposes of education, dwelt three maiden ladies, and a venerable father; with them lived, or boarded, L. E. L. They were staid and serious, and felt deeply the responsibility of their calling, and had received Miss Landon on the terms and in the character of a parlor-boarder, as much from affection for her, as from interest; and, indeed, I think the incessant callers, notes, and messages which ensued must have put these excellent ladies out of their way. But they all loved *her*; and she, in return, was the most considerate of human beings, and respected their wishes and their convenience as much as if they had been duchesses. The aged gentleman too was cheered by that flow of good-humor, which, whether in the hilarity of a prosperous and flattering career, or in the gloom of secret anxiety, was exhaustless to *him*, and to all who, like that individual, were dependent upon the solace of kindness for cheerfulness and comfort. How well do I remember the drawing-room fireplace, beneath what had been a window, but which was converted into a recess, lined with shelves, and paved with shells, and teacups and saucers of delicate china, and teapots, and small vases! How well do I remember the reluctance of L. E. L. to ring for coals, or to give any trouble to the neat-handed Phillis, who had so much to do! How we used to sit there, over an expiring fire, she unwilling to have it replenished, because the day's *séance* was nearly over:—the little square was in gloom, the afternoon London mist had overspread it:—"There will be no more callers to-day," was her usual speech; and, when not engaged, L. E. L. always, in the winter at least, sat with the family in a small square parlor, lined with good book-shelves, and furnished with less precision than the guest-chamber. She composed and wrote, she told me, in a small attic at the very top of the house, looking upon the octagon

garden of Hans Place, dotted by the handful of children who play therein; upon the turning, too, down from Hans Street; and thence might L. E. L. spy out, like "Sister Ann," "who was coming." And numerous were the visitors: ladies of quality, who had read the sonnets of the poetess on "terraces by moonlight;" critics, and their victims; grave travellers, who had issued their quartos; young prodigies, old coxcombs, American tourists, briefless barristers, and profitless curates, all found an entrance into that long parlor, opening behind into a drear enclosure of a garden. How often have I found my friend taking breath in that dingy garden, from the hot presence of a reviewer, or the chilling address of a disappointed author! How readily did she enter into the sympathies of those around her; soothe the blistered vanity, console the rejected, and congratulate the successful! How would she recapitulate (to me, who knew her so well) the occurrences of the morning! Her little touches of character were charming, and had the piquancy of satire, without its sting. It was an intoxicating career, to all appearance, but, like other intoxications, it had its collapse. *She was not happy!*

It was long before I found that out, and even now, I do but partly guess the cause of those fluctuating spirits which break out into melancholy and complaint, in her writings. Most people think the writings and the character of L. E. L. a manifest contrast: I am not of that opinion. None of her works, indeed, either prose or poetry, give anything like a notion of the gaiety of her conversation, at times—the delicacy of her discrimination, or the original turn of her repartees; but they afford a real insight into the passionate feelings of her heart. Sensitive, constant creature! How was that heart afterwards wrung by disappointment! I am glad I did not witness it all.

I was abroad when L. E. L., as Mr. Blanchard relates, peremptorily rejected the honest affections of one who besought her to give him a legal right to protect her from the world's censure; I can therefore offer no account, either of the beginning or the close of that painful affair. When I returned, I found that the establishment in Hans Place was broken up; the house was empty, and L. E. L. had been some time domesticated in Berkeley Street West, under the care of a lady, as kind and as respectable as those with whom she had resided for years. This lady also loved her, and she still loves her memory, as that of a daughter cherished and lost. Her power of attaching to her those with whom she lived was a peculiar attribute of L. E. L. Unlike those literary ladies (as bad as three days' agues) who, all-engrossed with themselves, mistake the privilege of preëminence, and are odious, as women—selfish, hard, exacting—though sentimental and charming in their works, L. E. L. was humble in her every-day deportment. All servants became fond of her; the humble crew of dependents found her patient of their errors, and careful of their feelings; printers and their emissaries, small, half-ruined publishers, for whom she wrote in many instances gratuitously, met with a courtesy which was inherent in her. No being was ever more active in serving others. But, to my point.

I found her, as I have said, variable in spirits, and so far uncertain in a temper, that she would sometimes break forth in bitter invective upon the hollowness of society—the worldliness of all mankind—"everybody was selfish and cold—there

was no one to be trusted—no one to be believed.” But, the instant afterwards, her fine heart redeemed itself. She made exceptions to her censure, spoke warmly and eloquently upon the merits of some friend, and often, suddenly breaking off in the middle of her harangue, would burst into a flood of tears—check them—walk about the room—and sit down again. This only happened once or twice; I cannot say I often saw L. E. L. shed tears. She was not a person to vent her sorrows in that way; but she had, when sorrowing, an indescribable expression, melancholy and imploring, almost agonized, which I never saw on any other face. I hasten from the remembrance:—looked she so when her sole English female attendant was sent from her, from Cape Coast, back to that England which poor L. E. L. so yearned to see—when she was left to all the horrors of that mysterious castle!—that castle on the rocks, to which she refers in her own touching manner, when she writes, “On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, ‘a moment seen, and gone forever.’”

I confess, the changing spirits of L. E. L. did not surprise me. Her health was broken, and she rested solely on her own efforts. Her immediate relations also depended upon her exertions; and, believe me, the daily task-work, the beautiful lines for the “Eastern Offering,” the “Drawing-room Scrap Book,” and other undertakings, were often penned when the throbbing head would gladly have reposed upon her pillow, and the over-excited and restless mind would scarcely fix itself on its appointed theme; and that with the loathing of a slave—a literary slave—to the enforced subject. Heavens! what a profanation to bow down that sweet Muse to such subjects as the tastes of the day suggested! Sometimes flesh and blood rebelled against it—she had promised, on one occasion, a sonnet to some periodical; worn out, the night before, by previous exertion, she had retired to rest without writing it. She slept long, as one, exhausted, sleeps—perhaps her dreams were of some happier days, for she awoke refreshed. It was late; the emissary of the journal had arrived—the poem was to go to press that morning. The poetess sprang up, knelt down to her little table, and, whilst the boy waited below, in a quarter of an hour’s space, wrote some exquisite stanzas, and sent them off to the printer.

But, in spite of great and constant success, she was always poor. I asked not why—in my opinion, ’t is a direct insult, either to the dead or living, to dive into their money matters, except you happen to be their executor, or to meddle with their cash accounts—a liberty you would not take with your own brother, unless he had become a bankrupt; and nothing—no, nothing ever disgusted me more than the tradesmanlike exposition of poor Scott’s concerns. I really thought, when I read it, it might have been a sort of parody upon those dull reports one sees in the *Times* of the proceedings of the bankruptcy court—Mottram’s case in little;—we wanted nothing but the name of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, or of his brother Williams, to complete the summary. So, dear L. E. L., I will not touch upon thy difficulties, in detail. I merely repeat “she was not rich.” She had one vital, noble, absorbing object in view—the establishment and promotion of a brother, whose

wants and whose means one may comprise in few words—he had been an Oxonian, and became a curate. Can one say more? And to this tie was every fond thought given; yes, whilst the world taxed her with more than levity, impugned her of debasing attachments, and pursued her with slanders, to this tie were her time, her health, her hopes, her prayers bestowed.

But think not, ye who carelessly, or maliciously, or enviously repeated or invented calumnies of one of whom English women might well be proud—think not that your shafts fell powerless. They struck into her heart. Think not that the bravado, sometimes uttered, was not followed, in secret, by burning resentment, and bitter tears. Ye, who could convert the carelessness of an occupied and innocent mind into proofs of guilt, be satisfied of this—the arrow sped—the wound it made, was a festering and deadly wound, and was never, never healed. I know it—I could tell it by a thousand proofs, by the bitterness which characterized a nature as kind as ever woman owned—by the very endeavor to conceal the pang—by the pride which now burst forth from one as devoid of that quality heretofore, as she was of the envy which she encountered. I knew it, by the sudden and sharp, feverish illness, with no source but a harassed and over-wrought mind, a wounded spirit that disdained, on that one point, sympathy, and shrunk, on that one point, from confidence.

Her gaiety was now forced; and I noticed, for the first time, a sharpness in her replies. Her spirits, which heretofore had had the aroma and the sparkling of champagne, had become like the effervescence of a saline draught; but the worm-wood never long preponderated in her disposition. She was still lauded and calumniated, flattered and betrayed, by half the world. What a picture of society! But depend on this, ye, whose eyes this retrospect may reach, that the venom of mankind is called forth by the celebrity of others, as—to what shall I compare it?—to the guano, may be, which scorches up delicate plants, kills animals, converts the roots of dahlias into blackened corpses—but brings forward fat cabbages, coarse turnips, ungainly potatoes, and unsightly beanstalks, into a coarse luxuriance of growth. Some people escape wonderfully with all their imperfections on their heads, and deserving to be shunned, they manage to keep their ground. How well is this illustrated (I hate the common word, but can find no other) in the exquisite novel of “Violet.” Poor Violet—(is it moral or not to pity her?)—humbled, repentant, crushed, creeps into her opera-box, a shawl thrown around the form which had once exhibited on the stage; she dares not raise her eyes to the high-born and well-established matrons about and around her. She looks straight forward, and sees her former associate, a woman of the world, a woman of intrigue, but married; she beholds her received, undaunted, her sins well-varnished over, her reputation secure. Yet, those who could dive into the recesses of thought, would find the breaking heart of Violet half ready for heaven; that of the respectable friend filled with the deadliest and most culpable of passions. Well was it said by a lady whose course of life one blighting sin has defaced (and most justly)—“I am not so concerned and indignant at not being received by virtuous women; it is when I reflect by whom I am cut that my spirit rises to bitterness.”

The gifted and the unprotected can do nothing unseen. If an elderly friend waited for L. E. L.’s

manuscript while she scored it off in her little drawing-room, he was sure to be minuted by some one who could tell you the next day, with the precision of a witness in a court of justice, how long he had been there. Much was invented, much was amplified; much was believed by the distant and the unknown, nothing by those who were near and intimate with her whom her own sex chose to vilify, and whom some of mine—I feel a spasm in my right foot when I think of it, a sort of impulse that I will not specify—were low enough to tax their empty brains to talk about. But let us have done with this. She had many true and generous friends. Among these, one instance: a lady of the highest respectability, truly religious, the mother of grown-up daughters, long and intimately acquainted with L. E. L., upon her engagement with Mr. Maclean, saw the risk of further slander in that very engagement. She took the unprotected authoress to her own luxurious house, where propriety in its fairest forms—the respected mother, and her good and gentle daughters—guarded her whom her own sex should have shielded from reproach. And there she staid until she left for Cape Coast Castle. But I forget myself; this was after the time when her engagement to Mr. Maclean was renewed, and finally arranged. Let it pass; and now for a few words on that engagement. The common surmise is, that L. E. L. married the governor of Cape Coast to be married—to fly from the slander—to have a home and a sanction. No—these were not her reasons, for she was truly and ardently attached to one whom she declared was the only man she had ever loved. She confided in him, she pined in his absence, she sacrificed for him the friends, the country, the society, to which she had been accustomed. But she made one false step. Mr. Maclean had sought her hand in marriage; it was promised: and then, after a temporary separation, after a kindly farewell, after several letters, written in the approved style of persons so situated in respect to each other, behold! the correspondence on the gentleman's part suddenly ceased. No explanation—no regrets followed. Never shall I forget the anguish of my poor friend. I have often been touched to tears by that exquisite exclamation of Beatrice to Hero, "Would I were a man, dear coz, that I could avenge thee!" I am a man, but my hand was stayed, and I was compelled to see her suffer a long, long attack of feverishness, depression, and inertia, and to be silent!

Weeks passed away—weeks of that time when every one is away from London, and the few humanized creatures in it draw closer together. I called every day to inquire in Berkeley street—"a little better—not so well—at last, down stairs." I saw her. No news from Scotland! No: but a thousand surmises, a thousand hopes and conjectures, a certainty of anything but that he meant to withdraw, were hurriedly expressed; her cheek flushed as she spoke;—I dropped the subject. A few weeks elapsed: I was a privileged person, and I called to take L. E. L. a drive in my cab. She came gaily out, but looked shattered, thin, and was careless in her attire. We drove round the inner circle of the Regent's Park; it was a soft and bright morning, and the air blew freshly on the delicate cheek beside me. There was upon her face, nevertheless, that peculiar look of suffering which I never saw on any other countenance; as if every nerve had the ticdouloureux—as if every moment were torture. She

abandoned herself to dejection, and spoke not. At last, I took the privilege of a friend, and gently remonstrated with her. I pointed out to her that she was unreasonable to indulge in sorrow for a man who had evidently given up all thoughts of her; that it was inconsistent with the dignity due to herself—it was unworthy—unwise—distressing to her friends. She answered me—I did not dare to look at her face as she spoke—(we drove round and round) but I hear her voice now; it was very low, and inexpressibly plaintive, as she said, "But I have never loved any one else." This was her reasoning, poor child of song! and she proffered no other. I answered not—she sank into silence. We drove on—the air seemed to soothe her—when suddenly she declared that she was tired and faint, and begged me, somewhat hastily, to take her home. I did so—and I saw her not again for some time. But I *heard* that she was constant to her (as she had then declared to me) first attachment, because she then refused an offer from a gentleman whom I knew by name.

The next time that I saw L. E. L., she was all joy; Mr. Maclean had returned to London; she had seen him; the engagement had been renewed. They were to be married in the spring. "And to go to Cape Coast?" I asked with a shiver. "Yes," she answered carelessly, as if that arrangement were of little moment; and indeed she all along spoke of her emigrating to that Land of Death in the same light fashion as if she were going to take a journey into Yorkshire. She was now all excitement—I hardly dare to call it joy; it was, at any rate, such joy as one feels after being pulled up out of a wet ditch, and told that one has three miles to walk home: it was the joy of a person released from a pressing sorrow, but not restored to ultimate peace of mind. I do not mean to offer explanation here; I merely state what I saw, or fancied I saw. There was always to me a mystery in the sudden breaking off and the sudden renewal of that ill-omened engagement; I *did* think its dissolution might have been caused by some *kind* friend repeating certain reports to Mr. Maclean; but I was mistaken. And to do Mr. Maclean justice, he showed a thorough contempt of those slanders; he treated them as a man would do who knows the world well, and who understood the character of women better than one would have conjectured.

Well, they were engaged; and I must here declare, for the sake of my future emancipation from the jokes of saucy cousins, that I never in my life said one word of love to L. E. L. on my own account. If I had, she would have answered me as she did to another friend, whom she did not wish to lose as a friend, but had rejected as a lover; the answer was very good, but on second thoughts, I will not put it down in this retrospect; it may have been a circular that she kept for her admirers, and I do not wish to give offence.

All was now fixed as fate; but I never could see L. E. L. I saw, once, the ghost-like form of him whom she named to me as her future lord, and he seemed to me like one who had buried all joy in Africa, or whose feelings had been frozen up during his last inauspicious visit to Scotland; but since mine is a retrospect of the departed, not a volley of shafts at the living, I will say little more of one who must ever bear about in his heart a mournful remembrance of the wife suddenly snatched from him, and who must associate with his own country her image when he took her from her English home. Mr. Maclean, I *know*, pointed

out strongly the disadvantages and dangers of his colonial station, and he certainly warned the destined one of what she had to encounter; but she was resolute.

The marriage took place, to a certain extent, privately; and it was not acknowledged till a month afterwards—why, I never could tell; and, if Mrs. Maclean were satisfied, I had no right to be displeased. At last it appeared in the papers, and she prepared for her departure. I rarely saw her, for she was, to my surprise, as much involved in literary pursuits as ever; writing to the last moment, and making arrangements, on the eve of her departure, for new works, and she was, evidently, to be no more independent of exertion than if she had remained single. But her spirits had evidently revived; she appeared generally cheerful, as in earlier days; her mind never once misgave her, as to the climate or the mode of life which she was destined to encounter. One day I called on her; she was taking leave of a foreigner, a publisher, to whom she had been peculiarly kind. The poor man could scarcely utter his thanks, in his broken English. His expressions would have been ludicrous if they had not proceeded from the heart, and their truth attested by eyes swimming in tears. And it was for no common benefits that he thanked L. E. L. For years she had given him her aid gratuitously, for his publication. She assured him that she would still do so. "Ah! but you will not be here. I shall not have them from your hand." He retired, overcome. I, too, took my leave. I saw her no more except on one occasion.

The last coronation took place the very day before the departure of L. E. L. She, who once had enjoyed all exciting amusements, had hoped to have left London before the event. But it was not so.

The night before that on which Victoria was crowned, was, as every one must acknowledge, one of general insanity: London one great, though free bedlam—club-houses in commotion—hotels distracted—public-houses run mad—waiters wanting strait-jackets—and milliners and mantau-makers raving lunatics. The lucid interval did not come till a week afterwards. That night, surely every one must remember, how post-horses were hurrying in, and what cargoes of band-boxes were on every carriage, how omnibuses even ran as if they had right to share in the general delirium, and all the cabmen drove as if they were tipsy. I am persuaded that there were not ten people in London that night, sound in their reason. Housemaids were making shake-downs for country cousins of their master's, in desperate haste—foot-boys were cleaning shoes over night. Everything but washing and eating was to be done six hours before the usual time. Ladies were dressing for the Abbey at twelve o'clock. The hair-dressers came, as ghosts do, at midnight. Well! I think I should have done the same if I had paid ten guineas for a peep at the ceremony—(and this, without Prince Albert—It was dear!)

To add to the general fatigue, and to prepare themselves better for the exploits of the next day, it was the fashion, that night, to give a party; this was a proof of the predominant insanity. Creatures who were to steal out before the cock crew should have gone to roost with the fowls. Nature says so; there was, however, a good reason why a party should be given for L. E. L., once more to collect around her those whom she had often cheered, and whom she valued.

I am told it was an interesting evening. Several persons of rank, many of high talent, friends in the true sense, some of them—for their friendship has survived the grave—bade her adieu that evening; among the rest, the good and kind, and ill-fated Earl of Munster, who always manifested an interest in the talents of L. E. L., and who valued her merits. I was not present—I had a glimpse of her the next day.

She was overwhelmed with tickets for the *déjeûnés* of different clubs; and, for a short time she looked on the unrivalled pageant from the window of St. James' Street. As the Lancers, in a style never to be forgotten, rode down the street, I, who had mingled with the crowd, caught a glimpse—my last glimpse of L. E. L. I saw her white veil thrown back as she rose quickly, and leant forward to look on those proud horsemen—the flower of the aristocracy. The next day she had departed.

Seven years have passed away, since, on New Year's Day, 1838, I heard that she had died—that bright intellect was extinct—that noble heart had ceased to beat. All we know of her death is this: she was found, *half an hour after taking from a black boy a cup of coffee, brought by her order, leaning against the door of her chamber, sitting as if she had sunk down in an effort to rush to the door for help. A bruise was on her cheek—a slight bruise on the hand, which was pressed upon the floor:—(these details were not in the inquest, but are true)—an empty phial (so said the maid who found her) in her hand. The same day witnessed her death—the coroner's inquest—the interment of her loved remains. This is all we know: how she died, whether by the fiat which calls many to their last account without a moment's warning; or—but I will not—I cannot pursue the speculation; she is gone! Some future day the dread mystery may, perhaps, be solved.**

THE BREEZE UPON THE OCEAN.

THERE are sounds of sweetest measure

For the landsman, if ye will;

There is music, that with pleasure

Can the coldest bosom thrill!

But there's nought with life or motion,

Or that one could hold more dear,

Than the breeze upon the ocean

To the seaman's list'ning ear!

O'er the waves, now gently swelling,

Steals the murmur of the wind;

'Tis the voice of loved ones dwelling

In a region far behind.

And the sailor, that felt sadden'd

As his thoughts were turned to home,

Now looks forth with spirits gladden'd,

As the gales in whispers come!

And the heart no danger fearing

When the tempest raged around,

And the soul of dauntless bearing

Hath quicken'd at the sound!

And tears, warm tears, are falling

O'er the seaman's manly face,

As the breeze is sweet recalling

Some old familiar place!—*Bentley.*

* Mr. Maclean landed at Boston a few weeks ago. The mysterious and most melancholy death of this young sufferer and toiler, affected many thousands in America, as well as nearer her home. We saw her at the house of Mr. S. C. Hall, and were much charmed by the frank, cordial simplicity of her manner. She said she had always liked Americans.—*Living Age.*